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Notes of the Week

THE scenario for the new Session was, as usual, well written. It will be remembered that on the last opening of Parliament Mr. Lloyd George allowed the Lord Privy Seal to occupy the centre of the stage until his coming. But on this occasion enthusiasm was sufficiently high to permit of his speaking on the first day. He made a triumphant speech. Both in the Commons and in the Lords the scene lent itself to descriptive writing. Mr. Bonar Law sat glum and silent in the gloom of the official gallery, and what congratulations he received on this gratulatory occasion were on the recovery of his health. Lord Carson in the House of Lords broke the silence which is traditionally imposed upon him by the austere office which he holds, and poured out the thunder of his anger and his scorn on the "friends whose friendship he hoped he would lose from that night." Such a speech of bitter denunciation has not been heard in the Lords for more than a century, and its effect, in that hushed chamber, was tremendous.

Simultaneously with the meeting of Parliament at Westminster the Dail held a session in Dublin. In contrast with the self-adulatory exultation of the Prime minister of England the speech of Mr. Michael Collins was dignified and statesman-like. "I agree," he said, "that the honour of Ireland is not involved in accepting this document." That was a question for the Irish representatives to decide. It is to be regretted that our own Government has not the same confidence in the representatives of the people. Not only Sinn Fein, but Ulster has taken the popular representatives into complete confidence and consultation. The course adopted by our Ministers, on the other hand, is to confront Parliament with the acceptance or rejection of the document *in toto*. It is questionable whether constitutionally they are entitled to adopt this attitude. A vast additional burden is being cast on the taxpayer as a result of this Agreement, and the taxpayer is apparently to be content with only a general expression of opinion. Both in restraint of unduly

enthusiasm and in the consideration which they have shown for the people whom they represent, the representatives of Ulster and of Sinn Fein have set an example in the spirit of democracy to the Ministers of this country.

We have deplored on more than one occasion the misdirected tactics of the Die-hards. They have now put down an amendment to the address which is destined to meet with the same disastrous results as their previous resolutions both in the House of Commons and at the Party Conference. They regret the proposed settlement with Sinn Fein on the ground that it involves "the surrender of the rights of the Crown in Ireland, gives power to establish an independent Irish Army and Navy, requires sacrifices from Ulster and does not safeguard the rights of the Royalist population in Southern Ireland." This is not slashing at the Agreement, it is slashing at the air. The Southern Unionists were the prime movers in the negotiations and have concluded with the representatives of the South an understanding which satisfies them. Nor does the Agreement involve a surrender of the rights of the Crown in Ireland in regard to strategic control. Mr. Lloyd George can shatter this amendment with a few dialectical blows. In a leading article we draw attention to some fundamental omissions from the Agreement which expose its inefficacy. We repeat those omissions here because in our conception they are so important as to justify the attention of the House of Commons.

First, we earnestly hope that our readers will consider the financial implications of the Articles of Agreement with Sinn Fein, and that they will bring pressure on their representatives in Parliament to do likewise. The Agreement has been adroitly drawn, and because it covers only those points which have been prominent in the Sinn Fein demands and on which public attention has therefore been concentrated, we are apt to forget that no provision is made for other more vital matters. This Agreement means nothing less than the revision of our whole Imperial structure. An adjacent part of the United Kingdom has been shorn off from the Motherland, and is to continue to enjoy all the benefits of proximity without, as far as any provision in the Agreement shows, any continuance of the accustomed contribution to the Imperial services. The oversight is urgently serious and may well undermine the whole Agreement. We hope that those whose business it is to examine these questions will make it a matter for serious debate and criticism in the House of Commons.

Another vital flaw in the Articles of Agreement is that no sanctions are provided whereby even the past contribution which Ireland has undertaken to make in respect of our War Debts and Pensions can be exacted. The Article which provides for arbitration as to the actual sum which Ireland is to contribute is therefore quite illusory. A knowledge of Sinn Fein psychology suggests the improbability of any Sinn Fein Chancellor of the Exchequer being able to exact taxes for the purposes of such a contribution and remain for long in power, even if he honestly intended to fulfil the Agreement to the letter. It surpasses belief that so vital a matter should have escaped the

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attention of our negotiators, when such a flaw in the Agreement involves the recasting of our whole Imperial system. In regard to past payments another reparations problem has been created. In regard to future payments for our common security no provision whatever has been made. Nor have the reactions of any possible financial arrangements on the Empire been thought out. The Imperial representatives should be summoned without delay to consider the involutions of the settlement and to decide on the future administration of Imperial affairs. It is obvious that the Parliament of Westminster can no longer continue to be an Imperial Parliament solely responsible for Imperial burdens and Imperial administration.

With reference to the part played by America in the Washington Conference it is worthy of remark that until Japan had signed a treaty giving to her the rights she demanded in the little island of Yap, she herself declined to sign the Four-Power Treaty, of which far too many of our papers, we regret to say, have been so wildly adulatory this week. It is common knowledge that the United States and Japan reached an agreement about Yap a couple of months ago, and we commented on it at the time. But America is always determined on securing her own interests, otherwise it surely would be a very strange thing that she should have insisted on having this small matter put into treaty form and duly signed before she would sign the much bigger Treaty. The thing, however, is genuinely characteristic of her. In a leading article we suggest that at Washington America has been "sitting in" at a game of bluff with England and the Empire, particularly over the naval situation. It is her favourite national game, and no doubt she excels in it. We raise our voice in the hope—we wish we could say, in the sure and certain hope—that her bluff in this case may be called in time.

In spite of the outcry in our newspapers that the political situation in India is grave because of the boycotting of the Prince by the natives at Allahabad, we are not aware that the state of things there is really worse now than it has been for some considerable time. What took place at Allahabad, coupled with the arrest of Chittaranjan Das, chief director of the whole terrorist movement in Bengal, and of hundreds of other persons of the firebrand type, only makes more and more evident a position of affairs which is not of today or of yesterday, but which has been well-known for many months to all those who have closely followed the course of events in India under the Montagu regime and realised the weakness of the India Government. In recent issues we commented frankly both on the inaction and the action of Lord Reading as Viceroy, and although of late he has been governing with a much firmer hand, we cannot help deploring the fact that he did not take this line long before. As the case stands it looks as if it had needed the visit of the Prince, through the anxieties it entails, to open Lord Reading's eyes to the realities of the condition of India, and its threat to the British *raj*.

M. Briand is coming to London on Monday for the purpose, it is announced, of discussing with Mr. Lloyd George the tense and dangerous economic situation in Europe, with special reference to the position of Germany. Probably other matters of importance, but of less tremendous urgency, such as Turkey, will also come up for review. Each day makes it clearer that Germany is the pivot on which this economic situation turns, and we are glad to see that this fact is beginning to sink into the consciousness of France. Hitherto conferences with the French have had no other result than the retaining, pretty nearly unchanged, of the retributive—perhaps vindictive were the better word—principles of the Treaty of Versailles. In England it has come to be realised that the application of these principles in this closely linked-up world is double-edged, and France

will have to realise this too. Certainly it is high time that the reparations programme should be reconsidered not in a small, petty, niggling manner, but in a large and enlightened way. It must be remembered that Germany has admitted her liabilities, and her willingness to meet them to the extent possible in her circumstances. We trust that the British and French Prime Ministers will hit on some practical method of assisting her and themselves. Whether this assistance comes through a moratorium or otherwise, it is essential that it come quickly.

Since the return to Cairo of Adly Pasha nothing much has taken place in Egypt except the handing in of his resignation, which was expected; but he is carrying on pending the appointment of a successor as Premier. Most opportunely a Blue-book has just been issued by our Government containing the Report of the Military Court which sat at Alexandria to inquire into the riots which occurred in that city last May. The investigation was very thorough; several hundred witnesses, European and Egyptian, official and unofficial, were examined, and all the circumstances appear to have been considered with extreme care. The Court found that the attacks were deliberate and premeditated by the natives, and were directed against all Europeans, though chiefly against the Greeks. The natives had been organised for these attacks by the Zaghlul partisans, and in face of the weakness of the Egyptian Government grew bolder and bolder till they got completely out of hand. The French, Italian and Greek consuls stated that, seeing how their nationals had been treated by the rioters with whom the Egyptian police and troops made common cause, they could not consent to accept the protection of any force composed exclusively of Egyptians. This embodies the root truth of the matter—Egypt is not ripe for complete independence.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and others, have thrown out indications that the Coalition is to become a unified political party to be called "The National Party." It would make for honesty were this course adopted. It is time that the gentlemen who continue to bear labels which indicate the holding of antithetic principles should frankly admit that they do not. The result of the Southwark Election shows a revulsion of feeling against the present administration which even the Irish settlement was not sufficient to dispel. This is a confirmation of the recent election at Hornsey, in which an unprecedentedly large number of votes was recorded for a Liberal candidate in a historically Conservative constituency. The victory which the Labour candidate has gained is less indicative of the popularity of Labour than of the unpopularity of the Coalition. But if the Coalition is to unite in a national party two hitherto opposed forces in politics, of what is the alternative administration to consist? Will the opposite number to the National Party in politics be a parochial party? Or an International Party, composed of Lord Robert Cecil with a strong outer-lobby support from the League of Nations?

Mrs. Asquith is in print again. Was it that she felt on seeing her first recollections (and the comments upon them) published, "what is it that the printers buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell?" If she did she was wrong. Mrs. Asquith writes, in fact, amazingly good stuff. So good, indeed, that if she were a man and a Member of the House of Commons no one would read it. She has the bursting enthusiasm of a politician who has only been prevented by the accidents of time and sex from taking the share due to her in politics. That she should have, indeed, all the expansive force of a supreme politician without the necessary channels open to her to conduct it into its proper medium—the House of Commons, *nonne haec ruberrima margo?*

Some perturbation appears to have been caused to the weaker brethren in Norwich by the fact that one of their Canons opened a new cinema with prayer and blessing. We could understand their alarm if he had opened the Sunday service with a film. But the association of religion with non-ecclesiastical functions is quite in keeping with its most ancient traditions. It was a fundamental mistake of the Victorian view to regard any other institution but the Church as not "a place within the meaning of the Act." Mediaeval faith would have had the cinema in the church and the sermon outside it.

We learn with some misgiving that a determined effort is to be made by a London club to revive the art of conversation in this country. We have never been able to believe that it ever existed. The art of conversation consists of a mutual interchange of suggestions. The average English citizen avoids suggestion and confines himself to dogmatic assertions even about the weather. Assertion at best provokes no more than contradiction. Assuredly, if the promoters of this movement carry out their intention of affording an opportunity to the experts on stage, literature and music, to expound their opinions, the conversation that results will be a little one-sided.

A correspondence in the *Times*, together with the discussions from time to time held in council between mistresses and maids, shows that there is at bottom a quite intelligible aversion felt by servants from a day which is spent in purely personal service, unqualified by any element of personal affection. The history of domestic or personal service can show both the finest instances of unmeasured devotion, and, at the same time, of resentment and unwilling work. We believe the explanation to lie in the fact that we have not yet put the relationship on a purely contractual basis. Until either the purely contractual side can be made dominant, or in the alternative, education can rob the status of servant of its old associations, we shall have this perennial problem of the servant unsolved.

What ails the Underground that is should so fiercely desire to justify itself? The company is spending large sums of money on propaganda explaining its constitution and working, and imploring the public to patronize it. As though the poor public had any alternative! Almost the entire public traffic of the metropolis is controlled by this one combine so that competition cannot be excessive, nor do we remember ever having noticed a serious shortage of travellers in tubes, trams or buses. But if an increase of customers really be the object which the directors have in view, we would suggest to them that a simpler way of winning popularity would be a reduction of fares, following the suspension of this flux of educative but expensive publicity.

The Editor of a journal styled 'The Free Oxford: A Communist Journal of Youth,' has been removed from the books of the University of Oxford by decree of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors. His assistant editor has received the subsidiary martyrdom of suspension for two years. With due deference to the authorities and some understanding of the delicacies of their position, we consider their action an error in civic tactics. If the activities of these young gentlemen are dangerous to the community, they should have been retained at the bosom of their alma mater until they had been counter-inoculated with the toxin of wisdom and good taste. Why should the community be called upon to endure a danger which can be more readily appraised and combated in the more restricted area of a University town? It is shelving the gravest responsibilities of a University to turn loose upon the public those callow youths who stand most in need of her suasions. If, on the other hand, these gentlemen are no danger to the community, their punishment is not merely excessive,

but involves them in a faint nimbus of Shelleyan glory of which they will not fail to take advantage. And the credit of Oxford architecture could not survive the repetition of such another Memorial as now makes of University College a grief and a tribulation.

Oxford's second double victory in the football field over her rival has gone far to dispel the sorrow occasioned by her two successive defeats on the river. The Association game last Monday at Stamford Bridge, excepting for the last fifteen minutes of glorious life, was not so exciting as the Rugby match at Twickenham. The ground was just sufficiently greasy to blunt the keener edges of the game, though the obvious dead-weight of the ball made the brilliant head-work, of Oxford particularly, the more laudable. Cambridge deserves condolences for her failure in the first half, where nothing but an inch of goal-post on two occasions balked her of her desire. The light-blue forwards consistently played a better game, and Oxford, though her play had increased steadily in cohesion and power, owed two of her three goals to the sudden collapse of the Cambridge defence. The gathering mist, a blur of sun like the dying away of a heavenly watch-fire, and the arena rising tier beyond tier into the dim day, gave the encounter a certain grandiose and spectacular quality. Observers of a more literal and historic mind will remember chiefly the lyric cleanliness of the game, *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*.

Two interesting art exhibitions may be briefly mentioned here. One is of designs by Claud Lovat Fraser, the young artist who became famous by his setting of the 'Beggar's Opera,' and was cut off in a career no more than begun, by weakness developed during war service. His art belongs to the line of poster and coloured wood-block, opened (as if there was an omen in the name) by the 'Beggarstaff Brothers,' Messrs. Nicholson and Pryde, and continued in the chapbooks and toy theatre of Mr. Jack Yeats; a cheerful and succinct imagery which came as a relief in days when "decoration" had become a tired stereotype in the later years of Walter Crane and other epigoni of the Burne Jones reign. These works are to be seen at the Leicester Galleries. At the Independent Gallery in Grafton Street is displayed a miracle of exact reproduction in colour from the portfolios of the "Marées Society," due, we believe, to German skill and enterprise, the glove thrown down to our own craftsmen. By the method employed the tints, texture and paper of a water-colour are rendered with what (in the absence of the originals, it is true) looks like perfection. There is large variety of choice in subject, from old masters like Dürer to those water-colour smudges of Cézanne which are treasured by German collectors: among the most desirable are examples of Constantin Guys. The rate of exchange allows for the present of very moderate prices.

Probably the most important printed book in the world is the 'Mazarin Bible,' issued by Gutenberg in 1455. In 1911 the Robert Hoe copy fetched fifty thousand dollars (then the record price for any book) in New York; and in November of last year a copy, containing only 588 of the 641 leaves and having some further blemishes, was sold for £2,750 at Sotheby's. This copy was from the Baroness Zouche's library at Parham; and apparently it is this volume that has now passed into the hands of Wells, the New York dealer, who has taken what is certainly a drastic step in splitting the volume up into several parts, each with a specially printed title page and finely bound. Some of these fragments consist of a complete book of the Bible, others of single perfect or imperfect leaves. This Mazarin Bible will therefore now be scattered piecemeal over America and, possibly, other parts of the world. The artistic morality of such an act will certainly be much discussed: on the one hand a large number of institutions will be able to own a specimen fragment of

one of the world's masterpieces; on the other hand a wonderful volume (even in its imperfect condition) has been put beyond the hope of possible completion from other fragments. It is hard, upon first receipt of the news, to know quite what to think of this dealer's action.

Sir Arthur Pearson's life was not merely a shining example of triumph over adversity but an instance of the stimulus of affliction becoming in itself an actual benefit. In his earlier career Sir Arthur did not gain any particular distinction nor did unwonted success attend him. But the loss of his sight evoked all that was noblest in his character so that in his latter years it is hardly too much to say that he lived the life of a saint. His own blindness was a blessing of incalculable advantage to other sufferers, for whom, but for his efforts, nothing tangible might even yet have been done; and his courage and devotion will be at once a solace and a spur to all those who, like him, battle to win victory over blindness.

A PYRRHIC PEACE

THE Articles of Agreement, like the Thirty-Nine Articles, conceal with dexterity and tact the fundamental differences of their subscribers. They conceal much more. They conceal their own implications. The masterly pen which designed them could, with equal cleverness, we feel assured, have sketched out a few canons which might provide a broad basis of principle on which the Mohammedan and Christian religions should unite. The main prescription, for instance, might well be the taking of an oath of allegiance to the Deity in virtue of his presumed headship of the Universe. The real skill of such documents consists not in the manner in which they face the difficulties, but in which they avoid them. The Irish parchment which bears the signatures of England and of Ireland upon it is a cheque on a rotten bank. It will be presented for payment, but will it be paid? It makes provision for a retrospective contribution to our common debts. Where are the sanctions to enforce it? It makes no provision for our present nor our future Imperial burdens. Has the possible reaction of this omission presented itself to the signatories, or has it been glossed? Is there a section of the United Kingdom that would not leave the Parliament of Westminster were it bribed to do so on this lavish scale? This is no triumph for England. It is no crown of laurels for Mr. Lloyd George. It is a tribute to the lawyers who have drawn up the deed to suit the instructions of their clients.

No Peace was ever made by cowards. This Peace is a Danegeld to De Valera. Methods that the Prime Minister has learned in England he is executing in the Empire. What are those methods? The miners' strike cost the Exchequer half a dozen millions and the country much more. In this case too, the settlement was made by Danegeld. Grievances which might have been dispelled were allowed to brood, to gather, to become menacing. They were about to burst when Mr. Lloyd George appeared. Did he face the miners? Did he face the mine-owners? Did he face the facts? Was he firm? Was he just? He signed the promissory note and the country backed it. Over and above the payment in hard cash, mines were kept going which economically should have been at a standstill. Ignorant men were encouraged to remain on in work for which they could barely get a living wage because they believed that their earnings would be for ever subsidised. They did not go to other work which they might more usefully have done. This was no settlement. The Railway crisis cost the country about £40,000,000. Here again, the Prime Minister signed the bill and the country met his debts. Are we so indulgent that we shall never learn the methods of this man? He never makes a settlement. He discovers formulas. He turns phrases. Under his regime each body with whom he has negotiated has

emerged more powerful than it was before. Trades Unions and Federations are now more respectable than Foreign Powers. They negotiate with the State on terms of equality. They make Treaties. They make peace, as if with enemies. Never are the involutions of those treaties thought out. Do we not yet realise that the whole character of our domestic polity has been transmogrified; that the State is become no more than a glorified Board of Guardians, distributing relief; that the machinery of our Government has been broken down; that our ancient institutions conserve their names, but no more; that the inroads made upon the prestige of the State are incalculable? Yet to the man who has done these things has been entrusted the settlement of Ireland. To him who has shattered our domestic traditions is to be given the Empire to play with.

The statement the Prime Minister ought to have made to the House of Commons is not one of congratulation on his own achievement but an apology for not consulting Parliament as to the extent to which it was willing that the Constitution of the United Kingdom should be modified. If this settlement goes through without the most searching examination and without the emergence of explanations on crucial points, the Parliament at Westminster can no longer remain the Imperial Parliament. How can it remain the centre of the Empire, guaranteeing the integrity of half the world when no provision is made for a contribution to the expenses involved by a country as contiguous as Ireland? But this Agreement has put the House of Commons in a dilemma as it has put everyone else in a dilemma. The House of Commons must either accept this document *in toto* or reject it. The House of Commons desires the termination of this ancient feud as genuinely as we do. But the House of Commons, if it perform its duty to the electors, must face the implications of this settlement as they affect the inner ring of the Empire, as they affect Scotland and Wales, and as they affect the Imperial Constitution.

If the new Free State were a Newfoundland, the Articles of Agreement would be of comparatively small importance. But owing to the geographical position of Ireland the Articles as they at present stand invade the very heart of the Imperial system. Hitherto Great Britain has maintained an Army and a Fleet designed and arranged for any contingency that might arise as far away as the Malay States and New Zealand. But she has done it with the full co-operation and support of all the British Islands. Hitherto the British taxpayer has shrugged his shoulders and accepted the position. But if you are going to sew up first one and then another of the British taxpayer's pockets it becomes necessary to reconsider whether the only remaining pocket can bear the full demands of the burden, to say nothing of the responsibility of administration. It is now being seriously suggested that you should narrow the onus of the burden down to a small section of Great Britain. It is time the taxpayer began to think about it. This Irish settlement may well be a precedent for similar demands in every quarter of the Commonwealth. We have made a provision on paper for the payment of common debts incurred in the past for a common cause. Is this the time to create another reparations problem? We have put the new Free State into the position of a minor who can repudiate his debts. We have given it absolute discretion both in customs and in finance. Is it imagined for an instant that any Irish Prime Minister will get up in the Dail and justify the raising of an income tax of 3s. in the pound, of which 2s. 3d. will have to go to England for the cost of the War? And is it imagined that we can enforce the contribution? The British Government is responsible for these debts and will have to bear them alone.

There are more Welshmen in Wales who talk Welsh than Irish in Ireland who talk Erse. It was the standing grievance of Welshmen that they had been governed by an alien Church from the See of Canterbury. They

succeeded in their demand for disestablishment. There is not a single Government service which affects Wales, intimately, which has not been given a separate administration for that country. Scotland has an entirely separate administration. Whether or not the Scots Free State League which has been pointing out that in 1706 Scotland's share of the National Debt was 1s. 7d. per head, whereas it is now £170, is a serious proposition, we do not know. But it has every inducement to be so. Throughout the Commonwealth the repercussion of the material side of this Agreement will be heard.

No price is too small where honour and liberty are at stake. Mr. Lloyd George is the founder of the new school of Statecraft. He has taught Pelmanism to the Commonwealth. The Canadian elections which have just taken place are a triumph for the new principles of "liberalism," and place in power a party which is in essence anti-English. Now everybody knows that you have only to concentrate on what you want with sufficient emphasis to get it. The pity of it is that in these cases it is only those who want the thing who are listened to and not those who do not want it. Those who want it always win. Sinn Fein has achieved a Roman victory and Britain a Pyrrhic Peace.

POKER AT WASHINGTON

DURING the last few days things have certainly gone with a rush at Washington, as indeed they have gone with far too much of a rush from the beginning of the Conference, considering the vast and vital interests, especially of Britain and the Empire, that may be so deeply involved in its issues. We have not the least doubt that it was part and parcel of the American plan, which strikes us as being nothing more or less than the biggest kind of bluff, that things should go with just such a rush. It seems to us that it was an essential feature of the American scheme that results favourable to the United States should thus be obtained before people, particularly the British people, had had anything like sufficient time to turn round and realise the meaning of what was being done in their name. In the case of Britain, the once proud and commanding position of her Navy has simply been thrown away in return for scraps of paper and an offer of friendship of whose sincerity we shall be more firmly convinced when we see it translated into the beneficent economic action of which England with the rest of Europe stands in such dire need in this crisis of their history, but of which we see not a single sign. Rather the contrary, in fact. We note that a warning is given to Europe that she must be good and not bother America about the economic situation. On Wednesday the *Times* published a message from its Washington Correspondent in the course of which he observed: "Accounts from Europe published here of the alleged intention of the British and the French Prime Ministers to come to Washington in connexion with a scheme for an economic conference have evoked some unfavourable, not to say acrid, comment in the American Press." He goes on to say in effect that Americans will do nothing to help until they "discover that their own well-considered economic and financial interests are being adversely affected by European economic distress." We have remarked more than once lately in the *REVIEW* that idealism carries America up to a point, but that that point is very quickly reached when there is any suggestion which appears to indicate interference with her confessedly advantageous political and economic position. And this intimation that Europe must not expect any assistance from America gives to the situation that emerges as the result of the Conference this aspect: that having gained all she wants from and by the Conference she is supremely indifferent to anything else—at least, at present.

Our main objection to the Conference has reference specially to the proposal respecting the naval ratio which was put forward at the opening session in such a

blunt, and even intimidating manner by Mr. Secretary Hughes. That proposal happily has not yet been definitely and in detail agreed to, and we cherish the hope that it will be profoundly modified. British interests (which so many good people, anxious for peace at any price, seem to forget are at bottom naval interests), demand, in our view, far more careful and prolonged consideration than they have received. We have never been able to understand why it was that Mr. Balfour was induced to accept with such extraordinary alacrity and submissiveness the ratio proposed for our Navy by Mr. Hughes, as it is entirely disproportionate to our requirements as an Empire based on the sea. Whatever we think of Japan, we cannot help regarding her attitude on the ratio question with respect; she did not allow herself to be rushed and stamped, but said the matter was far too important to be dealt with in such a precipitate fashion. The British, we think, owe some thanks to Japan for checking that headlong action. But America was in a hurry, and wanted to end the game. It was always on the cards that the bluff she had put up would be seen through. It was always possible that some reason or motive other than that of the love of peace might be discovered for her desire to scrap her big ships—perhaps that their electrical installations were so useless as to cause the vessels to be scrapped in any case, or that she knew that the British ships were five years ahead of hers in design, and so was anxious not to have them built. We say these things here, because they are being said authoritatively elsewhere. What is perfectly clear is that America was in a hurry, and she is still in a hurry. While Japan was considering the ratio question—we feel sure that in one way or another she will gain by the delay, as, in our view, she deserves to do—naval matters generally were referred by the Conference to a committee of naval experts for examination in detail, but in accordance more or less with the original proposals of Mr. Hughes. Now these experts were not at all the sort of men who are moved by fine speeches, by any kind of *beau geste*, or by the applause of the mob. They entered and continued on their most important labours in what may be called the scientific spirit—cold and calculating, of course, but thorough and sincere. Such a process needs time; hurry is foreign to it. The politicians have found out that it is far too slow for them and their designs, and so they have taken the business in hand themselves in order to speed it up. But the thing does not promise well, we fear, for British interests, naval or other, though until final decisions are recorded we will not despair.

What so far is on record is that a Treaty has been signed at Washington by the representatives of America, Great Britain, France, and Japan, but it is not binding till after its ratification by the four Powers; we do not know whether it will be ratified or not. It consists of four Articles. The first provides that disputes among the four Powers shall be referred to a joint conference: the second that the defence of the interests and rights of the Powers, should occasion arise, shall be the subject of mutual consultation and understanding; the third that the Treaty shall remain in force for ten years and be then terminable on twelve months' notice; the fourth that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance shall come to an end on the deposit of the ratifications. The first sentence of the first Article declares that the Treaty has relation only to the Four Powers' insular possessions and insular dominions in the region of the Pacific. It is to be noted that the Treaty says nothing about China, the crux of the whole Far Eastern question; this omission in itself is a very strange thing, and strengthens our belief that America has been playing a game. It is very curious, too, that Holland, who has far greater possessions in the Pacific than either America or France, should not have been included in such a Treaty. But as we are convinced that the truth, as it appears to us, about America's part in the Washington Conference will be made manifest, we place little faith in this Treaty.

"SATURDAY" DINNERS

I.—AT THE CAFÉ ROYAL

IT involves no departure from the tradition of this REVIEW to deal, in a spirit of quite serious criticism, with gastronomy. Time was when many able pens, employed here to treat of political and literary questions, were diverted at not infrequent intervals to deal with the special virtues of famous vintages, the qualities which the artist in cookery educes from raw materials else merely the means of keeping the human animal alive, and that ordering of the items in a menu which makes a physical necessity the occasion for a happy conquest of the grosser physical promptings. The very name of this REVIEW was for a while associated with a delectable compound beverage, "Saturday" Cup, which the future historian of English prosody and of the French novel gave in formula to the world through our columns.

We have now undertaken to examine the present state of gastronomy in London, as represented in certain restaurants. That each of the establishments selected by us for critical study may be judged by what its conductors themselves consider its best productions, we shall in every instance leave the menu to them, requiring only that at these "Saturday" Dinners there shall be no more than four courses, partly, of course, to avoid the unfairness of comparing dinners of unequal length and partly because we would encourage brevity in menus. At the first of our "Saturdays," that at the Café Royal, this condition was violated by the inclusion of *hors d'œuvres*, but the Café Royal has always been noted for the excellence of these preliminaries, and it would have been a churlish pedantry to have insisted on their deletion from the menu. But let this be said, that generally *hors d'œuvres* are proper only to the luncheon menu, and that the true epicure will admit nothing of the sort, except caviare or a few oysters, to the menu of his dinner. We shall not blame him if on rare occasions he breaks this rule at the Café Royal, where the olives, the artichokes, the tiny mushrooms and the many other delicacies included in the *hors d'œuvres* are of such excellent quality and so prettily set out for his temptation; but to the habit of *hors d'œuvres* at dinner we are hostile, and most epicures of to-day will be with us.

Here is the menu of the little dinner composed for our criticism by the Café Royal:

Hors d'œuvres Russe
Marmite à la Moëlle
Délices de Sole Bréval
Faisan Souvaroff
Pommes de Terre Fondantes
Salade Continentale
Oranges en Surprise
Friandises.

Of the admirable though in our view illegitimate *hors d'œuvres* we have already said something. The soup, with a neat section of very marrow-full marrow-bone to give it additional savour, was good in itself and in so short a dinner, but would, in our opinion, be excessive in any heavier dinner, for which we would prefer a very small quantity of consommé. The error of too generous a soup is common enough to justify the warning; we have even known *Bortsch*, the Russian soup to which soured cream gives so agreeable an unctuousness, but which is almost a meal in itself, used to introduce a dinner of many substantial courses. The exquisite delicacy of the *Délices de Sole Bréval* came as no surprise, for the principal chef of the Café Royal, before he attained that dignity, was particularly responsible for the cooking of fish, and he is not only a master of all elaborate modes of dealing with fish, but—rare merit—can be depended upon for perfection in regard to that royal treat, a plainly boiled turbot. The *Sole Bréval* consisted of fillets of sole poached, it was clear, for exactly the right time, and owed its distinctive flavour, apparently, to the use of lobster spawn with it. The *Faisan Souvaroff*, into the preparation of which truffles, foie gras and Madeira enter, is a familiar but ever welcome menu item, and had received due care in the

Café Royal kitchen, though possibly the taste of the dish might have been a little more pronounced. The accompanying salad was of its kind very good, though our own preference is for greater simplicity in a salad accompanying a bird prepared otherwise than by plain roasting. The *Oranges en Surprise* belong to that class of *entremets* in which a cold preparation takes the hypothetically unprepared diner by surprise from behind a mask of heat. It made a dainty and suitable end to a dinner of the quality to which the Café Royal has accustomed two generations of epicures.

With this dinner were served, as accompaniment to the fish, a bottle of Goutte d'Or, 1906, one of the most agreeably insinuating white wines obtainable anywhere, and, in honour of the pheasant, a bottle of Clos de Vougeot of the same good year. The Burgundies of the Café Royal cellars, rich in all wines and without rival in several, are famous. Our own leanings, when using the Café Royal, have usually been towards the old Romanées (the Romanées of later date are of no special merit) on the ground that they have more of the essential Burgundy character than Clos de Vougeot, are certainly their equals, and some good judges would say their superiors, in general vinous excellence. But masculinity, if in our view proper to Burgundy, is far from being the only characteristic of the great Burgundies, and Clos de Vougeot of such a year as 1906 has a delicate charm of aroma, a gentle, half-hesitant mode of yielding up its flavour, that win for it a very special place in the affection of the connoisseur. With coffee came some of that 1830 brandy which is one of the glories of the cellars directed by Mr. Pigache and reverently tended by M. Dumoulin. Older brandies exist in the Café Royal and elsewhere, but none better, none in which character has been so completely preserved through the mellowing processes of time. Here is the bill:

2 dinners	£1 11 0
1 bottle Goutte d'Or, 1906	1 0 0
1 do., Clos de Vougeot, 1906	1 1 0
Denis Mounie & Co., 1830	0 8 0
			£4 0 0

Like all great restaurants the Café Royal has its minor secrets, but the main secrets of its changeless merit are public property. The use of none but the very best materials and reliance on quality of food and wine when other restaurants rely partly on irrelevant attractions of music or what not: those are among the explanations of the Café Royal's unaltered position. The superb cellars, stocked with only the choicest part of the enormous purchases made in the Nicols era and later, could not now be rivalled, whatever money were expended by a new, or in the past neglectful, restaurant. Nor could any establishment that has often changed hands be so careful of tradition as the Café Royal, under M. Nicols, under his widow and now under her grandson, has been. In those handsome rooms upstairs the efficient service by waiters who respect their work, the unusually ample space between tables, the absence of distracting amusements, the care over the decanting of wine, the appreciation of good taste in the customer, belong to a school which now finds few scholars, a school of service to those who would dine and not merely take food to the strains of a band, crushed against their neighbours and impatient to be at the theatre or the dance.

*. The next of these articles will deal with the Carlton Restaurant.

HOUNDS AND THE PROBLEM OF SCENT

WHAT is scent? How often this question crosses one's mind when watching a skilful setter drawing to a point, or a pack of hounds working out a line under particularly difficult conditions. Our old friend Mr. Jorrocks once epitomized it as a "werry queer thing," coupled with an unflattering reference to the fairer sex. This has become prover-

bial, but, with affectionate respects to the originator, it is scarcely comprehensive, and leaves us little wiser than before.

What sense do hounds employ? The answer is extremely problematic even in these enlightened days. If it only covered such animals as the fox or the polecat, whose peculiar musky smell might easily serve to guide a pursuer, one would be content to accept that simple solution. It appears, however, to make no difference whether the hunted animal is what we should consider strong scented or odourless. For example, harriers accustomed to run both fox and hare show little preference for either. Admittedly, they run fox more readily at times, but this is merely because the line is less baffling to follow. When the hare quits her stratagems and adopts a fox's straight-necked tactics there is, it would seem, little to choose between them.

It is generally true to say that it is not foot-scent that hounds follow. Every observant sportsman must have noticed that when pace is best the pack, more often than not, is running well to windward of the line actually taken by the quarry, whatever it may be. It is not unusual to see a fox sneak up one side of a hedge-row, and his pursuers, two minutes later, fairly scream along the other. They can *own* foot-scent, however, long after that which in sporting language is termed "breast-high" or body scent has risen. And a spaniel or retriever when after a bird appears to follow no other.

And this brings us back to the original question. Is it conceivable that the flying foot of a hare, touching earth but lightly and seldom, could leave any perceptible odour? Could the horny toes of a pheasant taint the turf sufficiently to attract the spaniel's nose perhaps a couple of hours later? Either possibility seems equally absurd, but these, and many infinitely stranger things must be true if "scent" is really what most people consider it to be; i.e., nothing more than the sense of smell, keenly developed.

There is a curious piece of woodcraft practised by the wild badger, which may serve to throw some light on the problem. Anybody who has studied this animal cannot have failed to observe his fancy for young rabbits, and his original method of unearthing them from ground-burrows. This he does, not by tunnelling or trenching, but by the more direct course of sinking a vertical shaft straight down to them. One can see plenty of these shafts—of all depths from a few inches to several feet—on almost any rough hillsides where badgers roam; and if the work is fresh, there is usually plenty of gruesome testimony as to its efficacy. This only too evident accuracy is the most remarkable thing about it. How does the raider know exactly where to set to work? He certainly cannot smell the rabbits two or three feet underground; that, for scientific reasons, is well-nigh impossible. It is far easier to believe that he divines them, if one can use the word in such a sense, and therein, perhaps, lies the entire secret. In that case scent must be purely and simply a matter of sympathy—it is not quite the word, but a more suitable expression has yet to be coined—something between that and intuition. A Red Indian hunter, incidentally, has a peculiar way of knowing when game is near. He cannot define it, but it is doubtless the same kind of thing, a relic of the primitive latent in him. Smell has nothing to do with it. As has been remarked elsewhere, it is hard to believe that an animal possesses such a sense. He has, of course, a marvellously keen nose, which is his guide in all emergencies, but he certainly cannot discriminate between pleasant and offensive odours, as dog-owners have good reason to know. He senses rather than smells, as, for instance, a horse must do when he winds fresh water from a distance.

Scent is subject to atmospheric conditions, though at present we know little of the forces which govern it. It is usually good in foggy weather and on the eve of frost; but, curiously enough, against (i.e., before) heavy rain hounds are powerless. This is particularly significant, for then, of all times, the human olfactory

organs are most susceptible to anything abnormal in the atmosphere. Again, water, like earth, is a potent de-odoriser, yet a skilful hound amongst a tumult of foam bubbles can pick out those blown by an otter swimming deep below, or acknowledge the "wash"—which is otter-tainted water—half a mile down stream.

There are, moreover, at least two other points which should not be overlooked. Nature has endowed the musk races with a powerful odour as part of their defensive armour, against mankind at all events, and it would hardly be consistent with the thoroughness of her workings in such respects were this to constitute a source of danger from other enemies. Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, the scent of a hunted animal is always weakest when it is on its last legs; hence the readiness with which hounds forsake a beaten fox for a fresh one. But at that very time, for cogent reasons, its actual bodily smell is most pronounced.

ABBEE*

By D. S. MACCOLL

IF Columbus discovered America in the fifteenth century, the Americans discovered Europe and England in the nineteenth, and Abbey was one of the welcome invaders. For those who can recall the early eighties these volumes will stir pleasant memories; for the reviewer, at least, of a tiny garret in an Oxford College, of the acquisition, a big one for his purse, of the 'Herrick,' with its lovely spring cover of primroses and nicely ordered lettering strewn over sunbeams, and its spider webs of line (engraved, not processed) within, an American's tribute to the romance of England and the ancestry of its deep country. There I read 'His Poetrie his Pillar' and 'Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee' over the winter fire, and the May morning pieces on my bit of battlements that commanded the flower-market; with Abbey's drawings they will always be tangled up. And with these, other associations—Miss Mary Anderson breaking in upon the stage; not an actress, but an agreeable statue, where actresses were not expected; reports from friends of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's coach-and-four jaunt in the manner of William Black up and down the land, and the beginnings of the Anglo-American colony at Broadway; and the fritillaries and the bells, and cricketers going off in drags from Gothic gateways, and pilgrims at the Mitre, and farmer England, on market days, standing about in the Corn.

Whether some equivalent for all this will be recovered by younger readers of Mr. Lucas's book must be doubtful, for it is grievously overlaid. Handsome in print and in the reproduction of two hundred illustrations, it aims at the monumental, but the monument is of a kind that lies heavy upon the dead. When such memorials are designed the family, after furnishing documents, ought to be interned till the work is done. Mr. Lucas is a deft workman, who could have been trusted to see his picture and make it vivid on the appropriate scale: as it is, he has been overwhelmed by a superstitious and disastrous particularity, and what someone called 'a washing-list diary' has been remorselessly carried out. If the reader happens to have known Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson, the eminent fellow-artists of Abbey in England, it may convey something that they dined together with him on a given date: otherwise nothing, since the conversation does not survive. More stinging to the fancy are the great men of the Tile Club oversea, because unknown: W. Poyntette Snyder, Jack de Thulstrup, Earl Shinn, Napoleon Sarony, Gedney Bunce—"improbable names" like these conjure up tea-parties such as never were. So thoroughly has the spirit been taken out of Mr. Lucas that the pages are not recognizable for his: only once in a way does a flicker of fun come through, as in the preposterous telegram from Henry James, "Will alight precipitately at 5.38 from the deliberate 1.50"; or in his

*Life and Works of Edwin Austin Abbey, R.A. By E. V. Lucas. 2 vols. Methuen. £6 6s. net.

still more brightly preposterous correspondence with Mrs. Abbey about eggs:—

The box has flown back to me on the wings of all the (remotely) potential chickens of all the blessed eggs—this very day . . .

More eggs? Rather, dear Mrs. Abbey! As many as you kindly can send me. I mean the beautiful box (the companion of my household anxieties tells me it holds twenty-six), and as soon—and as often. . . .

But pray don't stop them yet awhile. Make them rather, begin more violently. They console me for certain disappointments in America. Better the British hen than the American eagle. . . .

Yet it was not in letter or wire that the style of Henry James reached quintessence: the telephone, with its maddening pretensions of measuring sentences by two minutes, was the instrument that called out his powers.

Such are the rare oases, and so desperate does the author become that he digs up from *Punch* examples of the good gentleman at his most ponderously skittish. In one chapter he thought to get his head above water, that upon cricket: but he is ducked under by "tributes," except for a chuckling page from Sir James Barrie, the expert who, describing another team, set down Charles Furze as "a first-rate man to talk about cricket in the train." Of criticism Mr. Lucas has been allowed or has permitted himself no word from beginning to end: instead he borrows from the literature known to its makers as "appreciation."

I hold up this book as an example of how not to treat a life, because History and Biography are steadily tending to choke themselves. Twenty or thirty pages sufficed Vasari for the story of Giotto or Donatello. As artists became less gigantic their biographies grew longer; but the friends and immediate disciples of a Reynolds or a Gainsborough were content with modest little books. Now we have giant Lives of pygmies. The life of Abbey afforded matter for a brief record. His early days in the Harpers' office, the flush of his pleasure when he woke up in the England he had dreamed of, his methods of work, the succession of his enterprises, a spice of his intercourse with brother-artists and of significant passages in his letters, and some picture of the quick sociable man, happy in his friendships and in the companion and helper who was his wife; fifty to one hundred and fifty pages rather than four hundred and ninety-two might survive as readable: to an appendix, if anywhere, should go all the suffocating detail which belongs to appendicitis. Then for illustrations. These should either have been bound up as a supplementary volume or printed and paged throughout with the letterpress, as some of them are: it is a bore and obstruction to have sheets of plate-paper and description interrupting the text: the plates, besides, are too numerous, especially of pictures.

What are we to say about Abbey the artist since his biographer has said nothing in five hundred pages? That he was greatly gifted technically is beyond dispute: with a pen and ink he could spin those same spider-webs of line as few have been able to do: and in slight drawings and sketches the result is charming, though we may hold that the spider-line belongs rather to etching than to pen and ink; the 'Corinna' group in the Herrick is a good example of what this line could do, and of his original inspiration. But Abbey was endowed or afflicted with a passion for thoroughness, morally very praiseworthy, but a sad waste of artistic tissue, because it was applied at the wrong points. The thoroughness should have been given to mastering a bigger and simpler technique, a drawing and rendering of more expressive force and precision with economy of line. It was too much employed in frittering away the effect of the first idea by elaborate making out of detail and tone, dress and background; by hatching and cross hatching with the spider touch. Or, alternatively, he produced that kind of wash-drawing which is a bastard between drawing and painting. Painting, which led him away into ambitious schemes of mural decoration, was not his affair, though for the ordering of spec-

tacles he had an astounding facility. His colour sense was practically limited to black, white, and vermilion, and his drawing lost its virtues on the huge scale and in the alien matter of his pictures; exercises, these, in the tradition of the Royal Institute. His fellow-academicians flattered him with the belief that he had learned painting in a day, late in an artist's life: thoroughness applied to the real matter of painting was wanting, and was not his to give: he produced coloured illustrations like the figures and settings of the contemporary Lyceum stage. And that brings us to the second point at which his thoroughness was misapplied. In the belief that it mattered greatly whether his figures wore the exact ruffs and furbelows of their day, and moved in rooms exactly furnished for their period, he made himself an old clothes man and bric-à-brac hunter; delightful occupations in themselves, but sad loss of time for an illustrator whose main thought should have been for action and expression. Think of the illustrator of Shakespeare, that cheerful anachronist, worrying about the dress and architecture of 'Julius Cæsar' or 'Macbeth'! Think of him employing dressmakers to compile complete and irreproachable wardrobes for his characters, who meantime remained lay-figures! These two deviations, small in their beginnings, but large in their consequences, explain why the real gift of Abbey was not nursed in its essentials, but nigh smothered under its trimmings. He belongs mainly to the tribe of Menzel and Meissonier, the dressers-up: how one wishes that all three had, like the Millais of the Trollope illustrations, devoted themselves to the appearances of their own time. That there is another mind, the romantic mind, which can only live happily in a remoter age, is not to be denied: Rossetti is there to prove it, and there are gleams of such an imagination in the 'Herrick,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and other works of Abbey; but the tailor and upholsterer kept bursting in to take their measurements and water the spark. Listen to him: he is to illustrate the words:

The officer, entering suddenly, discovered the family quietly seated at their midday meal.

and here is a fragment of his programme:

The artist must know what that officer wore and how he wore it, the shape of each little detail of it; what the father of the family wore; whether he would be likely to wear his hat at meals: if so, whether he was sufficiently high in station to wear a big hat or a conical hat, with a narrow rim; whether these would be felt hats or hats covered with beaver cloth or fur. He must know the shape of every article of furniture in the room. If they are an old-fashioned family he must allow for that, and make the furniture of an earlier date. He must know that the rafters of the room would show, that it must be a high-ceiled room. He must know what their midday meal consisted of and the shapes of the things they ate and drank out of.

And so on endlessly towards a heart-breaking omniscience which some horrid little slip will wreck at the last. Meantime the officer and his family grow faint under the load of information, and their documentary midday meal grows cold, while a Rembrandt calls up the Supper at Emmaus with chairs and table and old blankets from the adjoining room.

EDUCATIONAL FIDDLESTICKS

By JAMES AGATE

A CORRESPONDENT of the SATURDAY asks: "What, exactly, are we supposed to learn from the educational drama? Is it suggested that anyone goes to the theatre in order to obtain light on philosophy, economics, sociology, politics, eugenics?" The question could not have been more happily framed. Yes, it is so suggested. The essential function of art, including that of the "educational" drama, is to throw light. But by light is not meant the bull's-eye of the policeman, the beacon of the coastguard, the X-ray of the consultant. These partake, in Bacon's phrase, of the "dry light" of the man of science. When the specialist turns a narrow

beam into the cavern of your throat, he uses light in a way essentially non-artistic. When, sinking the case in the individual, he turns the light of apprehension upon you, suffusing that light with emotion of his own, he becomes the artist, and the light he uses is the sacred lamp. Art has nothing to do with discovery, elucidation or moral precept. Its function, as Shelley declared, is simply to invigorate the imagination. The theatre is not a night-school. Its drama illumines philosophy, sociology, politics and the rest by reflection, in that it lights up the philosopher, the sociologist, and the politician. The characters of the "non educational" dramatist may exhibit wisdom, gumption or guile, but they will not be the peculiar wisdom of the philosopher, the essential gumption of the sociologist, the characteristic cheats of the politician. Equally becoming duke or commoner, these differentiations throw no light upon their wearers' walk of life. Whereas the "educational" dramatist, Shakespeare for example, delights in the essential quality of his characters. He brings their talk home to their business and bosoms. Every inch of Lear is absorbed in kingship. Henry V. is greatest, not in his Churchillian rhapsodies, but in his acceptance of responsibility. Falstaff, taking three pounds to free Mouldy and Bullcalf, throws a light on Elizabethan tribunals. Angelo is any chairman of Watch committees. There is hardly a figure in the plays which is not ablaze with philosophic, political and social significance. But to call Shakespeare an "educational" dramatist is nonsense. There's no such thing. Dramatists are either good or bad. Shakespeare happens to be good.

Mark how another good dramatist, Ibsen, treats the theme of 'John Gabriel Borkman,' and think how a less good dramatist would have treated it. Can we not see the excitement which Sir Arthur Pinero would have got out of this feuilleton of misappropriation and treachery, Borkman's sacrifice of one earnest sister and espousal of that gallsome other, his detection, imprisonment, and downfall? Like Balzac, he would have given us every clever brick in the mansion of grandeur and decadence; but, unlike Balzac, we may think he would have not concerned himself with the tenant's soul. Ibsen raises the curtain exactly where Sir Arthur would have dropped it. Five years have passed, the mansion's only traffic is the solitary pacing in the garret. The man is prisoner to his own soul. And just as Balzac never forgot the *marchand parfumeur* in César, so Ibsen did not leave the miner in Borkman out of account. The great passage: "I love you, prisoned millions, as you lie there spell-bound in the deeps and the darkness! I love you, unborn treasures yearning for the light! I love you with all your shining train of power and glory!" gives significance to Borkman's first words: "I am a miner's son." Had he been yet fuller of engineering, as full as César of his perfumes or the Séchards of their paper-makino, he yet had not bored us. "I have heard the best kind of talk," says Stevenson, "on technicalities from such rare and happy persons as both know and love their business." From the actual misfortune of his mines and misappropriations, Borkman rises to the spiritual plane whereon he moves with all those who swim on bladders. "He had gone to ruin with a kind of kingly abandon, like one who condescended; but once ruined, with the lights all out, he fought as for a kingdom." Something of this is the clue to the play. Borkman was never nearer to life than in the moment of his death. This masterpiece, for it is a masterpiece, gives "exact information" about power and the effect of power on the human mind. It gives a clearer apprehension of Ibsen himself, of Napoleon, of Lord Northcliffe, of Jabez Balfour. It teaches more philosophy than all your pragmatists put together. It is the answer to the SATURDAY's correspondent.

Themistocles apologised for not being able to play the fiddle on the score that he could make a small town into a great city. One is inclined to apologise for this

superficially dull play on the ground that out of a defaulting bank manager was made a broken eagle. The play, in the theatre is apt to be "difficult." There is no positive virtue in dingy parlours hung with penitential gloom. These things should be minimised by the producer and not accentuated. Mr. Theodore Komisarjevsky, at the Everyman Theatre, raised his curtain on total night. Slowly we became aware of something that might be firelight, chairs and tables, human lineaments. It was all rather like the grave giving up its dead. The actors spoke from another world; their features were "composed." The tones of Borkman came from the cellars of his past. With his sombrero, frock-coat and stout boots he was, to outward showing, substantial. But with his grey beard and glittering eye, he was a man "all light, a seraph-man," standing on his own corse. Mr. Dyll was intellectually magnificent and Mr. Dodd brought tears. The ladies were over-weighted. I should like to suggest that Mrs. Wilton's insistence upon Erhart's goloshes be omitted. There is something peculiarly repugnant about "goloshes." All Manchester is in that word. Then the whole play should be taken much faster, allowing us no time to reflect that people do not enter upon heart-to-heart talks after years of absence and a journey in Norwegian mid-winter without at least a dish of tea, or propose to spend the rest of their lives upon snow-bound plateaux unprovided with the smallest suit-case. Ibsen should be played with less obsequiousness, just as though he were an ordinary playwright writing for the ordinary theatre. Which, of course, he was.

My difficulty with "Mr." George Paston's 'Clothes and the Woman' at the Ambassadors Theatre was that I could not see how anybody could fail to prefer Miss Iris Hoey's witty and lady-like little frump to her musical-comedy minx. In spectacles she was entrancingly good, in her mauve "creation" she was, oh, so faintly yet definitely common. The play is about a tenth-rate scribbler, who might equally well have been a dress-maker. I detest the assumption that authors like the late Charles Garvice are really great artists who write with their tongue in their cheek. The truth and the pity is that drivel can be the utmost achievement of soul and brain. To see both plays on the same day was a refreshing experience, bringing to mind the old precept "that a man do vary and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the more benign extreme." 'Clothes and the Woman' is benign. You would not have guessed that, blanketed in its folds, was Mr. Leslie Banks who, in 'Diff'rent,' showed such extraordinary power. It is perhaps a tribute to the endearing quality of the "non-educational" drama that it can muffle even the dæmonic. But there again, there is no such thing as the "non-educational" drama. There are plays and there is rubbish. Mr. Paston's comedy is, on the whole, rather an amusing little play.

IN THE WILDERNESS

V.

Downing Street, 17 December

I HAVE in my previous commentaries signalized the breaches that the present administration has made in the Constitution, not from any excess of reverence for the Constitution as the hallowed and eternal sanctuary of political things, but because I believe that we may as well know what structure we have. It would be as foolish to speak of the Divine Right of Parliament as of the Divine Right of Kings. Right is not an end in itself any more than the scaffolding of a building is the end. Cabinets and parliaments and a procedure, however consecrated, are but methods of government. Methodology was the vice of the Victorian Constitutionalists. Beneath their fulsome pens and their flamboyant perorations the British Constitution assumed an awful, a terrifying and an immutable aspect, to be admired for its structure and not for what it contained. My own concern is solely with the

effectiveness of our political structure for the purposes which it is intended to fulfil.

It happens that the form of structure which the nation did adopt was a King and a Parliament. And the meeting-point between the two was the cabinet. Of that trinity, therefore, the cabinet was the unexpressed element. Nor must it be forgotten that the cabinet has never formed part of the written Constitution of this land. Our laws are suppositiously still made by the King and his assembled Parliament. The present tendency which I indicate is that the cabinet is becoming the governing power of the country. The cabinet says what it wants and the King and Parliament merely register its will. Having neutralised both the other members of the trinity, the cabinet scoops the pool, and the danger of this is that the cabinet has become no more than the stage name of the Prime Minister. The British Constitution is a cast with one member starred.

Any political structure, whether human or mechanical, has a centre of gravity. And, as I see it, the present danger is that the centre of gravity is becoming the Executive for all purposes. The people are being accustomed to the notion that the Executive is the Government, that the Executive is responsible for the machinery of life, that the Executive is as necessary to the national life as God is to religious life. We are being trained to believe that we live, and move, and have our being in, and through the Government Departments. We are being taught, in fact, to take a different view of what used to be called the Constitution—and the Constitution, after all, is but another name for the political structure of society. Simultaneously there is to be noticed the fusion of economics and politics until you get the centre of gravity becoming responsible for putting economics right. And so with all the new interests it has acquired, the Executive has become the mainspring of action for the whole community, and that is a disastrous state of things. It is as well to realise that having established the notion that the King's veto does not matter we have passed to the notion that Parliament can rightfully do nothing except talk. Parliament, if it be responsible at all, is responsible *in vacuo*, just as the King has authority *in vacuo*.

I believe that discontent has arisen, not merely because the governing power is doing its work badly, but because it is doing too much. No man can contest that the ends which are sought are, in themselves, desirable. But so stagnant has our political thought become that we have jumped too easily to the conclusion that there is no alternative to the individual but centralized authority. It is only now that we begin to realise the price we must pay in freedom for the performance of these functions by the State. Gradually and surely, and before our very eyes, the Executive is conquering back that authority of whose submission Parliament and our ancient procedure are the monuments. It requires but slight reflection to appreciate that tyranny is tyranny, whether it be exercised beneficently or ill. And we do a wrong indeed to the traditions of our ancestors if we think that it was to kingship that they were opposed and not to the powers which kings happened to wield. It is to be regretted that a lack of foresight no less than ignorance of the whole trend of our history caused us to set out blindfold upon a road which a knowledge of the story of our development would have made impossible. The evil springs from a refusal to consider the full import of what we demand from Government, or even whether we are justified in demanding these things from Governments at all. No nation which endeavours to adapt itself to an environment quite alien to its national characteristics and quite foreign to the rules which have governed its own growth, can do so with impunity.

I have no abstract theory of the State as a universal regenerator. I merely seek to discover in the mirror of a proved and, on the whole, substantially successful past, the guide to present tendencies. The critique of pure reason, whether working, as in the case of Fabianism, in a vacuum, or as with the Liberal Socialist in the less pure atmosphere of the Whips' Office, has demonstrably failed in evolving a successful polity. By considering our own national characteristics and our national development we may well evolve a new perspective of Government which will make not only the particular abuses from which we suffer, but the far greater unseen implications of those abuses, impossible.

As a preliminary to evolving such a new perspective of Government it is useful to have examined what political structure we have. For, whatever the structure, it is not wise to put elements into it which are not consonant with the principles of its construction. If you put central heating into a timber-built mansion you will sooner or later have a fire. Or again, if you put boilers into a wooden hulk she will probably go to pieces in a storm. That is precisely what we have done. We have been putting enormous engine power into a vessel that was built as a sailing craft. What is more, we have kept the old skipper, the old mate, and the old ratings, to run the same vessel, although she is now fitted with turbines. The result is, that the engineer cannot make himself understood by the mate, and the skipper and the crew still regard steam power as a mere addition to the sails. Either we have got to scrap the new machinery or bring an expert in to run it. If it be the test of statecraft that it does things on a large scale and the vessel's success is merely to be judged by the seas it can cover and its speed we had better have the expert in at once.

THE MAN WITH A LAMP

Letters to the Editor

ABNORMALITY AND CRIME

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The leading article in your issue of the 10th instant entitled 'Abnormality and Crime' gives food for thoughtful consideration on the part of all students of ethics in general and of criminology in particular. In the case of Lord Alfred Douglas, which seems to have inspired your contributor, I am entirely in agreement with the view that the sinister side of Oscar Wilde's career should no longer form the basis of cross-examination of any individual who may, at some remote period of time, have associated with Wilde, when for some reason or another, he finds himself in the witness box. This view of the matter at once opens up the vexed question of "cross-examination as to credit," and as to the licence permitted to counsel in his endeavour to show to the jury that the evidence of a witness should not be relied upon. In the particular case under notice it certainly does seem that the time has come when letters written, and opinions expressed, under conditions very different from those now existing, and under circumstances the impressions of which must to a great extent be blurred, should no longer be persistently put forward to discredit the evidence of one particular man, and the presiding Judge appears to have been of the same opinion. With regard to such a line of cross-examination a Judge must to a great extent trust to the discretion of counsel, but the records of the Court of Criminal Appeal show that abuse of such licence is not unknown—e.g., the cases of *Rex v. Ellis* and *Rex v. Biggin*.

But the article in question opens up far wider considerations than that of the licence of counsel and touches, rather nearly, the whole principle of the administration of our Criminal Law. In the second paragraph it seems to be suggested that sudden impulse is an excuse for crime.

It has often been laid down by our courts of law that such a principle is no part of the law of England. Reason dethroned, or abnormal condition of mind brought about by anything short of actual disease of the mind, is no excuse for crime. (*Vide* Macnaughton's case *R. v. Meade and R. v. Beard*). If I read aright, the underlying suggestion of the article is that an aberration of intellect causing criminal default or action of, or by, an otherwise distinguished citizen, should not involve legal punishment in addition to social ostracism. Under the very complex social system in which we live such a contention seems to me to be untenable and to strike at the rule of law, which does not and cannot consider aberrations and abnormalities of intellect, but must enforce the opinion of the normal majority, as expressed in the Statute or Common Law.

I agree that sin and morals have no place in the jurisdiction of a Criminal Court even in conjunction with what are not inaptly described as "the professional hypocrisies of the Bar and Bench"; but when certain actions, described in your leader as "private failings which do no harm to anyone but their victims," are designated crimes by statute, such they must be considered to be until the law is altered. Crime has been defined as "a failure or refusal to live up to the standard of conduct deemed binding by the rest of the community," and so long as the legal constitutions of this country remain as they are, any other criterion for conduct is impossible. "A policy of plain speech" is certainly desirable and, indeed, necessary, for the particular failing referred to does not appear to be confined to one sex alone.

It is well known that the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, was, as so much of our legislation is, a panic measure, the passing of which was secured by some very questionable methods of journalism, but it may have been overlooked that a still more drastic Bill, introduced in Parliament in this year of grace, was only defeated owing to the proposition that both sexes should be brought within the four corners of the 11th section of the Act of 1885. (See Hansard Reports). Surely if those who are termed "sexual perverts" are criminals, the gander and the goose should be liable to the same penalties, and in support of this contention I would refer to the Incest Act of 1908, which, for the first time, made sexual relations between certain members of a family a criminal offence.

As you affirm, the presence of such penal measures on the statute book gives opportunity to the blackmailer to carry on his evil trade, and, certainly, "the mischief goes much further than the Courts," but so long as the law remains as it is the Courts must not be blamed for the consequences.

You speak of the cases of Dilke and Parnell as if they were in the same category and involved the same "fault." This of course is not the fact, and their cases, which involved only natural sexual instinct, should not be confused with, nor used to condone, the criminal offences of Wilde and his circle, as to which the "mediaeval law" mentioned in the article has no reference.

Yours &c.,

HERBERT AUSTIN

Central Criminal Court,
Old Bailey, E.C.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is indeed time that the ghost of Oscar Wilde should be finally, if it cannot be altogether decently, laid. He was a bad man; and the sooner he can be forgotten, the better. But upon your article entitled 'Abnormality and Crime' there are two or three remarks which may, I think, not improperly be made. The Nonconformist conscience has been perhaps a rather unintelligible factor in life. But the writer of the article is unjust to the Nonconformist conscience, when he speaks of it as a "guilty conscience, winking at the fact till it is published." Nor

again are the sins which the writer of the article calls "private failings" such as "do no harm to anyone but their victims."

I know only too well how difficult it is to draw a sharp line between sins and crimes. But it would, I am afraid, be unsafe to rely upon social ostracism as being strong enough, in default of legal punishment, to abolish or control some of the worst offences against morality. How little, for instance, is the social censure which seems to fall in the present day upon a shameless adulterer, if he is a person of high rank or great riches. But after all a man's life is a whole; it cannot be divided into two separate parts. For he who acts dishonestly in private life will not generally show himself to be a man of honour in public life; and, if he is capable of betraying his friend, he may well be ready to betray his country too. It must be added, as indeed the experience of nations and empires has long ago shown, that vices such as those of which Oscar Wilde was guilty are not merely personal in character; but the State is entitled to punish them, because, if they become widely spread, they involve the ruin and downfall of the State itself.

Yours etc.,

J. E. C. WELLDON

The Deanery, Durham.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With the common-sense of your leading article upon 'Abnormality and Crime' most readers will agree; though it may be remarked that there is more sympathy commonly felt for the penitent thief than for the thief-taker. But the writer is in error, speaking of a "mediaeval law unabrogated." The actual law which brought the "third" Oscar Wilde into sinister prominence was a section introduced by the late Mr. Labouchere in the House of Commons into a Criminal Law Amendment Bill introduced by the late Lord Dalhousie into the House of Lords in 1885. An exactly parallel section, introduced, in the last session, into a similar Bill, was repudiated in the House of Lords by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, to name no others; with the result that the Bill has not been enacted.

How our abnormal fellow-countrymen fared (within the memory of a few people still alive) under the "mediaeval law" may be learned from the report of an execution 88 years ago. It is interesting to note that during the same year, 1833, two members of the reformed Parliament, Mr. W. J. Bankes and Mr. Baring Wall, were charged with similar offences by a night watchman at Westminster Abbey and by a policeman in Harley Street respectively, and in spite of the most damning evidence were acquitted by juries who obsequiously assured them that they would leave the court without a stain upon their characters.

Yours &c.,

ANNALIST

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I gather from your article 'Abnormality and Crime' that while you fully approve condign punishment being inflicted upon those who gratify their abnormal sexual lust upon children and young persons you deprecate the prosecution of adult persons who *inter se* are guilty of these revolting acts.

I am in general accord with this view for the following reasons:—Imprisonment for this crime constitutes but an insignificant part of the penalty, it brands with infamy the accused who, it may be under momentary aberration or as the victim of senile decay, does that which under normal mental conditions he would recoil from with horror; the investigation of the charge involves evidence in a public court of the most repulsive character calculated to have a demoralising effect upon those who are present; it exposes the innocent to the

risk of false charges, either the result of mistake on the part of those who are employed to detect, or by way of blackmail by wretched outcasts who infest by night the parks and streets of our city; and finally, prosecutions save for the odium the mere preferment of the charge involves upon the accused are very generally futile, for as is well known by those who preside in our Courts, juries will rarely return a verdict of guilty.

The moral tone of the vast majority of our people is sound and wholesome and they need no law to deter them from this vice; no law will restrain the victim of momentary aberration or of diseased mind.

Yours etc.,

W. ATHERLEY-JONES

Stafferton Lodge, Bray Wick, Berks.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your leading article on 'Abnormality and Crime,' states plainly and vigorously the view now held by all who concern themselves with sexual psychology; I have myself tried to make it clear in my own work on this subject. There are always among us a certain proportion of men and women (about 2 or 3 per cent. is the usual estimate), often able and respected, engaged in every kind of beneficent activity, who are not sexually normal, and are attracted towards their own rather than towards the opposite sex. For the rest, they are good, bad, or indifferent, like other people. Some of them are vicious—that is to say, they seek to gratify their impulses is, for them, natural; that is to say, that of others—but some normal people are also vicious, and there is no reason to suppose that the proportion is higher in the one group than in the other group. Whether vicious or not, the homosexual direction of their impulses is, for them, natural, that is to say, that it usually begins as far back as they can remember, and that they are unable by their own efforts to turn the impulse in any other direction. Very disgusting? Perhaps; whatever is opposed to one's own tastes may be disgusting. It has even been said to be so by judges on the bench. But an action is not criminal simply because we happen to find it disgusting. The judge may perhaps find it disgusting to be surrounded by sea-sick or air-sick people, but he is not on that account entitled to sentence his fellow-passengers to imprisonment. We may all be disgusting sometimes, when we are born, and when we die, and now and then in the interval. But the moral laws remain the same for normal people and abnormal people alike, and statute law needs to be adjusted accordingly. That can only be effected slowly by the growth of public opinion according to knowledge. We are called upon to introduce a more wholesome social atmosphere, in which it is no longer possible to elevate homosexuality into an ideal romance or to degrade it into a lurid corruption.

Yours etc.,

HAVELOCK ELLIS

Ruan Manor, Cornwall.

'DARK ROSALEEN'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your leading article 'Dark Rosaleen' on 10th December, puts a roseate construction on the Irish Articles of Agreement. According to your interpretation Sinn Féin has abandoned the substance of her demands; will declare her allegiance: will safeguard British and Ulster interests and has little plunder to take away from the Conference. I wish it were true.

What the Articles of Agreement really do is exactly what one is led to expect from Mr. Lloyd George's previous record in negotiation—the whole demand of his opponents is conceded, but the concession is so

framed that the surrender is not superficially apparent and the result is hailed as a triumph of diplomacy.

It is now an established principle of Constitutional Law that any part of the British Empire with Dominion status is at liberty to secede from the Empire whenever it so desires and Britain would not be justified in using force to restrain it. Articles 1 and 2 accord Dominion Status to Ireland; therefore, as soon as the Free State Government is established, Ireland is free to leave the Empire and Britain would have no justification for coercing her to remain.

A personal oath of allegiance from her leaders to the Crown might act as a deterrent. For this reason Sir Gordon Hewart, the Attorney General, at Leicester on 25th November, insisted on the absolute necessity for Sinn Féiners pledging their allegiance to the Crown, not as being "vaguely associated with the British Commonwealth only for specified and limited purposes and claiming to recognise the Crown in some special way at the head of that Association for these purposes and these purposes alone," but that it must be a real allegiance similar to that of Canada, Australia and South Africa. It is obvious that at the time Sinn Féiners were demanding a limited form of allegiance and that the British Government were refusing. Yet Article 4 of the Agreement gives exactly the limited form of allegiance which Sir Gordon Hewart insisted should not be accorded, and he still remains a member of the Government! The form of oath prescribed by Article 4 pledges allegiance not to the Crown but to the Irish Free State: it promises fidelity to the Crown "in virtue of the Common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth." That is to say that if and when the Government of the Irish Free State decide to sever their "common citizenship" with Great Britain and their membership of the British Commonwealth, as they are entitled to do, being a Dominion, their oath of fidelity to the Crown is wiped out but their oath of allegiance to the Irish Free State remains.

The Agreement safeguards Britain's naval and financial interests and the interests of Ulster, but the safeguards disappear with the Agreement if the Free State declares for independence, and the Free State is then at liberty to intrigue with foreign powers or try to coerce Ulster whenever she wishes. Practically the Agreement grants absolute independence to Sinn Féin without obligation to Britain or Ulster, but with the right to remain in the Empire as long as it seems to be to her interest to do so. And yet you say that "Sinn Féin does not emerge from the Articles of Agreement with much plunder"! What else has she been fighting for?

It is a most dangerous experiment and no one but an Irishman could attempt to prophesy what the result may be—perhaps because they are now free to go, with the contrariness of the proverbial Irish pig, they may elect to stay within the Empire. It is our only hope of peace.

Yours etc.,

45, Heriot Row, Edinburgh. LAURENCE STRAIN

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—You say that the Irish Treaty disposes of the English difficulty in Ireland, but leaves the Irish difficulty in Ireland unsolved. But does it? Supposing we see another Hertzog, either under the name of Valera or some other name, maintaining a Republican Party in the new Parliament in Dublin, and as the result of persistent agitation succeeding ultimately in getting a majority in that Parliament—its first act would be to declare an Independent Republic and renounce allegiance to the British Empire. I am afraid we could then only look on. We could not reconquer Ireland with an army of soldiers. The surest protection against such a risk would be the continued association of Ulster with the Empire. Therefore I

hope Ulster will stand fast, even at the risk of having to pay a 6s. income tax, instead of a reduced tax under the new Irish Government. It will take ten years or more to let us see how much the British Empire owes to Ulster. Stand fast Ulster!

Yours etc.,

J. W. RUSK

Scottish Conservative Club,
Edinburgh.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The paragraphs in 'Notes of the Week' in which you analyse the "Articles of Agreement," surely are "wrote sarcastic"! The "exquisite choice of words" by which the members of the Parliament of the Irish Free State (should it not be the Irish Frieze State) are to swear allegiance to its Constitution and to be faithful to King George in virtue of a "common citizenship" which does not exist, should surely read "dishonest choice of words."

The oath which is now taken by subjects of the King reads: "I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majesty," &c. Therefore to be faithful and to bear true allegiance are not the same thing, and those who take this new-fangled oath will be under no compact to bear true allegiance to the King since their only oath of allegiance will be to their Constitution. It will be interesting to see the first trial of an Irish M.P. for high treason.

In your article on 'Dark Rösaleen' you observe that Ulster will have to consider that her income tax, if she remains outside the settlement, will be six shillings in the pound and her super-tax five shillings in the pound, but that if she goes to Dublin her taxes upon income will probably total not more than a third of these two sums. But she will also have to consider whether if she "goes to Dublin" she will have any income left to tax. The Sinn Feiners have their eyes on the prosperous industries of Ulster.

Yours etc.,

Helmsley.

F. WILLIAM SLINGSBY

CEZANNE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I disagree with Mr. MacColl's estimate of the two pictures by Cézanne which I offered, on behalf of a public-spirited collector, to the National Gallery of British art. As you are aware, the loan was refused and our public galleries still enjoy the distinction of being the only ones in Europe where Cézanne is unrepresented.

Mr. MacColl states "firmly" that they are not what is wanted to represent "the master" (this is his expression!) in a national collection. I can only say that these two pictures—a still-life and a landscape—are, without any doubt whatever, finer examples than those in the Luxembourg, and better than several in the Louvre. This is also the considered opinion of competent critics who are well acquainted with the pictures.

A point (which has not hitherto been published) in this amazing muddle is that immediately the pictures were sent to Millbank for inspection by the Trustees (of whom Mr. MacColl is one) the director wrote to me asking if they could be purchased, and, if so, at what figure. Thus the Trustees were prepared to entertain the purchase of two pictures which "were not what is wanted to represent the master in a national collection"—a fitting beginning to one of the greatest mistakes in the rather turbulent history of the gallery. "Do we sleep, do we dream," etc.?

If those who directed the policy of the National Gallery in the past had only one eye open they would have purchased Cézanne years ago when prices were comparatively small. They ignored Delacroix, Ingres, Géricault, the Barbizon School and the impressionists of 1870 for decades after the world had proclaimed these

masters. The only art officials in Europe who possessed a true, cautious, unerring vision were the sedate, half-knowledge people of social distinction who lovingly watched over us from Trafalgar Square! We have never repaired their errors, and never can repair them. The French were equally absurd with regard to the English school, and they have not even repented. Our present officials, after making heroic efforts to counteract the past, now stumble into this deplorable Cézanne business. To quote Mr. MacColl in your issue of November 12, "the art hatched by a committee is worse than a joke. . . ."

But signs are not wanting that your critic is "coming round" to Cézanne. He pens one of the most mildly ferocious indictments that even Cézanne has suffered and marshals the contemptuous Mr. Sickert in support. He assures us that Mr. Sickert "reaches the pith of the matter" when he states that "Cézanne was deplorably, lamentably, tragically, almost incredibly, wanting," and that he produced a style "the like of which we shall not, it is to be hoped, be asked to look upon again." It is as well to know the pith of the matter. And then your critic has a turn: "Cézanne got into a helpless fury over portraiture and abandoned his landscapes in disgust," etc. This is grotesque overstatement dictated by prejudice.

But now he tells us that he is making frantic efforts to get Cézanne represented at Millbank, and wishes to see him "not less than splendid," which seems an amazing anomaly. Now he is "the master," and he must be not less than splendid. . . . Glorious!—at last we have an official convert.

Let me quote Mr. Charles Ricketts, who is also one of the Trustees at Millbank. In his 'Pages on Art,' page 155, he describes Cézanne as "one of those countless failures," and compares him with a pavement artist who lacks only the written appeal "Please remember the artist"—and so on.

The truth of the matter is that the Trustees neither understand Cézanne or want his pictures. If he is ever represented in the Gallery it will simply be the result of the weight of public opinion. The loan of two representative examples was refused on the score of "want of space." This is the usual method of refusing pictures which are not considered good enough. There was ample space in the foreign gallery. The real reason for their refusal is only too apparent.

Yours etc.,

HUGH BLAKER

57, Church Street, Isleworth-on-Thames.

LARK-HAWKING

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—There are frequent accounts in the *Field* newspaper of persons training birds of prey to kill larks. In to-day's issue I find a paper in which the writer says that "the campaign against the larks was carried on with energy"; and he tells us that with three trained hawks he succeeded during the year in killing 160 larks.

I suppose the ruthless destruction of one of our most enchanting singing birds is justified by calling it "sport."

It seems to me a poor kind of "sport" to spend a summer in silencing the joyous music of the lark that sings at Heaven's gate.

The lark has been consecrated in English life by its brother singers from Shakespeare to Shelley and Coleridge; it does no harm to anyone; it is a type of innocent happiness with . . .

The green fields below him, the blue sky above.

I suppose it is useless to make any protest against these desolators of the sky! May God forgive them.

Yours etc.,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE

The Ford, Chobham.

Reviews

BELIEF IN GOD

Belief in God. By Charles Gore, D.D. Murray.
7s. 6d. net.

THIS is the first of three volumes intended together to contain a "Reconstruction of Belief." The second volume will be on 'Belief in Jesus Christ,' and the third on 'Belief in the Holy Spirit and in the Church.' The present volume is of the first importance for all thinking men, and must be judged with regard to its defined purpose. This purpose has rightly limited Dr. Gore's mode of argument and expression. Certain data, lately much relied upon, are not forgotten. "The Christian appeal (p. 173) to certain events in history has always been balanced by the appeal to a continuous spiritual experience of need and satisfaction." But the primary emphasis here is not upon this class of proofs. It is necessary to say this so that the reader may not suppose he has in the first volume a complete disclosure of Dr. Gore's religious mind.

The book is of a noble generosity, lavishing upon a paragraph the results of wide reading and years of thought. Having this character and origin, the book cannot be represented in an early or a brief review. We therefore deliberately omit any expression of agreement or difference; and offer, as our best service at this moment, some comment upon a particular section of the book in which the Bishop uses the evidence of the Hebrew Prophets, a body rightly held to include the Baptist and the Prophet of Nazareth.

This section is the challenging feature of the book. Remember, the volume is confined to belief in God as such, though it be such a belief as Christianity will be found, in the later part of the argument, to require; that is to say a belief not pantheistic, not morally neutral, nor without potentiality for wills really, though within strict limits, free. It must be a belief in a God of whom self-disclosure and manward action may be reasonably expected. But the volume is on Theism. Yet, surprisingly, but with perfect propriety, the recorded allegations of the Hebrew prophets, and of Christ as Hebrew prophet, are adduced in support of that primary affirmation which to many will have seemed necessary as an antecedent condition of any estimation of the prophetic utterance. For the Bishop does not, like many writers in all ages of Christianity, appeal to the verified predictive power of the prophet as warrant for his mission. (His emphasis, at least, is not here, and on this point it would be useful for a reader to turn to Dr. A. B. Davidson's article 'Prophecy and the Prophets,' in Hastings's 'Dictionary of the Bible.') It is to the prophets' teaching about God that Dr. Gore points.

Here is the importance and here the difficulty of the book. The philosophical arguments for Theism are very masterly, and are reviewed in an earlier section. They are found unequal to the support of such a faith in God as we require. It is in face of this failure that we are invited to hear the prophets who profess to give a message from God which is the disclosure not only of His will but of His being. This method will be criticised from two sides. The Churchman or the Bible Christian—both in the same position with respect to a strictly metaphysical proof—may say, "Is not this after all the appeal to authority? If you were going to prove your creed 'from Scripture,' why did you not make this appeal first instead of second? Why should we not trust the inspired book, the inspired Church, without entanglement with your 'free-thinking' enquiry?" The Bishop's philosophy may be good or bad, and it is of no consequence; for in spite of some lamentable *lacunae* in his orthodoxy, and some arbitrary differentiation between several scriptures, he after all invites us to trust, with him, the Bible or a good part of it; and who knows if the parts he neglects may not presently give him also their message? All is well. The Bible and the Bible only, is the religion of Pro-

testants; the Church, authenticating the Canon, gives faith its sure grounds. But why not say so earlier?

And the rationalist will be as severe on the other side. "We are invited," he may say, "to a free enquiry. It turns out unequal to the proof of any such 'God' as religion postulates. And we are then asked to believe men whose authority depends upon this very belief in God which we, and the argument, have failed to reach. Surely it is to a belief in God that the prophet addresses a message from the God believed in. He may tell us fresh things about the God we reverence, and convey unexpected commands. He may assert or reassert the righteousness of the God already feared and make immoral religion appear as absurd as idolatry. But how can the prophet warrant that transcendence of God which is a presupposition of his message and our hearing of it, and among the credentials of his authority to speak? For, say what you will, this prophet of yours has no place in the scheme but the place of an authority; and yet you do not trust him because of his foretelling power, spite of some prophetic appeals to this very test. You bid us think he can tell us the truth because, in your opinion, what he tells us is true."

This rational criticism is impressive. To one who produced it impressively, our answer to-day must be that the critic had better read Dr. Gore, and had better read the prophets; and read them, as the Bishop advises, in large pieces and with a study as nearly as possible continuous. Everything turns on this. The Bishop's argument was framed in full appreciation of these objections. He is quite clear-headed. He really has not put himself formally into the box of a post-terous plea. He knows about circular arguments, and is much in love with straight lines, even if they never meet to enclose an agreement. Try the book. And try the Prophets. Their "remains" are very remarkable. They cannot be the transcript of the religious conditions they so violently condemn. They are not memories, however wonderfully reinforced by oblivion and recovery, of heathen teaching or of the nationalist beliefs of Israel. They present a picture of God both new and convincing. They are full of a passion about His hitherto undivided purposes. And their tone is not that of men composing a sermon or giving wings to a popular opinion. It is the tone of men struggling in vain with a message that violates their prejudices and sets them in mortal conflict with their brethren and companions.

For these and other reasons, carefully analysed in our book, they are qualified to take a peculiar place in the necessarily peculiar, and indeed unique, pursuit of fundamental or general truth, the truth religion cares for, the truth about God and man.

In that pursuit we are in an inevitable difficulty. For the security of belief we need the experience of all that follows from belief. Just because the faith is true, it must require for its unification the whole range of reality, and especially of life as lived under the motives of faith. Nothing in the world or beyond it can be alien to its all-embracing affirmation; least of all can Christ, in history or in the Christian, be a detail of reality not required by the proof. But, on the other hand, we have—on the supposition of the justice of the faith—no access to the most important regions of reality but by the wicket-gate of a primal affirmation.

It is in this deadlock that authority has its function—not Prescription's leaden foot in a mailed or velvet shoe, but an appeal or a guidance that is not included in the impartial data nor in the enquiring soul. And it is really as an authority, in the liberal sense, that our book presents us with the prophetic word from Amos to Christ—from Amos onwards in order that Christ may be understood; and, submitting to the guidance of this word, we reach a position where, clearly and with full substance in our question, we may ask whether or no, and where if anywhere, the affirmation of a true, personal, just and merciful God is inconsistent with our knowledge of life; whether it defies sound

science or history; whether it hampers action or isolates our conviction from other knowledge; whether it does not in fact build character and liberate social energy.

We have not even shadowed the form of the Bishop's presentation of this, the first, part of his high plea. But something has been said to invite, with the strongest appeal we may use, the patient study of his book and of the ancient utterances for which he has reasserted a function too long forgotten by too many seekers for a reasonable and consistent interpretation of life.

CONCERNING MAX

Max Beerbohm in Perspective. By Bohun Lynch. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. LYNCH himself confesses that this book is premature. It ends, indeed, upon a note of interrogation. What is going to become of Max? How will the story end? Over ten years ago it seemed easy to find the answer. Max, we should unhesitatingly have said, would continue to live in London and would help to make it a city in which it was possible to live. Nothing seemed more certain than that Max, in the strict sense of the word so urbane, would never wander far, or for long, from the city which was at the same time his subject and his audience. But suddenly he laid down the pen he had wielded for ten years in the SATURDAY REVIEW and withdrew to bask upon the Mediterranean. It was a withdrawal which was to last at any rate for eleven years. More than that we will not say, for it remains as incredible to-day that Max will stay away from London another year as that he has stayed away from London, except as a visitor, for almost the third of a generation. Nothing so extraordinary in literature has happened since Congreve retired into his armchair after the 'Way of the World.' It is true that Max flits from time to time from Rapallo to London, and that he marvellously contrives to know what is happening among us and to see some of the people who are causing it to happen. But the fact remains that he comes to London as a visitor.

Mr. Lynch tries to persuade us that the great withdrawal was destined to be a point of departure towards something more permanent and profound than is to be discovered in the early works of his hero. We are inclined to dissent from this opinion. In the first place we cannot recognize the implied assumption that the early work of Max fails to be permanent and profound. Perfection in any kind is permanent and profound. In the second place we cannot agree with Mr. Lynch that the work of Max since he went to Italy is better than the work which went before. Max begins one of his latest essays with the following passage:

Primitive and essential things have great power to touch the heart of the beholder. I mean such things as a man ploughing a field, or sowing or reaping; a girl filling a pitcher from a spring; a young mother with her child; a fisherman mending his nets; a light from a lonely hut on a dark night.

Mr. Lynch argues from this prelude that Max, who once wrote a defence of cosmetics, has lately felt inclined to abandon what is trivial for what is fundamental, to become universal and human, to come nearer to nature and the heart of things. We do not think that the argument can be sustained. The above passage contains a truth charmingly delivered. But it needed no Max to tell it us or even to tell it us in just that particular way. It is more universal in character than his earlier utterances only because Max appears less particularly himself in it, and because a Londoner who lives in Italy must needs be general rather than concrete in his observations. We find in this passage, not an evidence that Max should remain in Italy and try to become like other men, but that he should return without delay to London and try to become more like himself. To be quite frank we do not feel as interested in the sensations of Max on beholding a girl filling her pitcher from a spring as we felt when he was telling us from week to week what he felt and thought about the rather more complicated activities of artists and politicians in London. We

believe that if it were the destiny of Max to be greater at Rapallo than he could ever hope to be in London, he would, during his eleven years of tranquil exile, have produced rather more convincing proof of it than Mr. Lynch has been able to discover.

We hope that in any case Max will sooner or later be induced to give London the benefit of the doubt. Our need of him is great. The measure of distaste that Max himself would feel when confronted with some of the more recent developments in our social and political life in London is our measure of the need which London has of him to-day. We need more than ever the reaction of his fastidious and discriminating personality against the fads and fashions of the hour. He may be bent upon proving that he is well able to do without us. Let him not altogether forget that we find it very difficult to do without him.

Mr. Lynch writes of him with the affection of a friend and the ardour of a disciple. It is a book full of quotations, passing in review all the work that Max has done both as a writer and as a caricaturist, with pertinent and well-chosen examples in both kinds. All through these pages we are in intimate contact with Max himself and in the company of one who appreciates every touch and shade of him. If we do not altogether agree with Mr. Lynch on the subject of Rapallo, that perhaps is only because we so greatly desire to see Max back again with us.

ESKIMO FOLK-TALES

Eskimo Folk-Tales. Collected by Knud Rasmussen. Edited and rendered into English by W. Worster. With illustrations by native Eskimo artists. Gyl-dendal. 15s. net.

THE process of entering into the mind of primitive man by the doorway of folk-lore proceeds actively in all quarters of the globe. Among recent investigators, Mr. Knud Rasmussen takes a prominent place. He is a Dane by birth, the son of a pastor in Northern Greenland, where he spent the first thirteen years of his life. We believe that he has Eskimo blood in his veins; at all events he talks the language of this remote people to perfection, and has a familiarity with their modes of thought which is probably unsurpassed. Under the auspices of the Carlsberg Foundation in Copenhagen, he has made an immense collection of Eskimo folk-tales, taking them down from the lips of his native friends and companions. Out of this great manuscript store, Mr. Worster has made a selection of stories which seem to him to give a favourable idea of a mass of material much of which is horrible or indecent. The tales here translated are neither the one nor the other, but fit to be placed in the hands of a child, though they may encourage a tendency to nightmare. The editor dwells on the point that this is a popular, not a scientific publication.

The stories naturally belong to a race which has to endure the tedium of almost unbroken winter darkness. It is of importance in the lamp-less and interminable night that the fancy of the narrator should not be easily exhausted. We learn that the originals are of excessive length, and the translator has been obliged to curtail them. The themes, as he points out, are capable of almost infinite expansion. The beliefs of the Eskimos are not unfamiliar to folk-lorists, and we may draw Mr. Worster's attention to the fact that Sir James Frazer has made very frequent reference to them in 'The Golden Bough,' although the particular discoveries of Knud Rasmussen do not appear to have been published when that encyclopædic work was completed in 1915. There are picturesque points in Eskimo folk-lore, such as the practice of playing cat's cradle to detain the sun, the annual festival of bladders, and the belief in the resurrection of seals.

A welcome feature in the volume before us is the introduction of pictures by native Eskimo artists. These are very curious, and we should like to have information as to the mode in which they were executed, and the amount of European training which the draughtsmen

had received. They are neither so rude nor so primitive as we should expect to find them, but they possess a considerable vigour. The drawing of a tulipak, or magic spirit of the sea, frightening a man to death in his kayak, has real command of terror. Some of the interior scenes recall the manner of Ganguin. The superstitious reverence for the bones of animals, the persistent belief in the presence of evil spirits, and the fear of demons are things which are constantly present to the mind in examining these strange experiments in Greenlandish art.

EUROPE, A COMEDY

The Cockpit. A Romantic Drama in Three Acts. By Israel Zangwill. Heinemann. 5s. net.

MR. ZANGWILL'S new play, 'The Cockpit,' supplies a brilliant complement to 'The Melting Pot,' which has become the classic misstatement of the racial position in America. Mr. Zangwill himself would be the first to admit that the activities of such a gentleman as Mr. Henry Ford are more subversive of racial harmony than any Ferdinand or Constantine, and it is notorious that American universities are such a riot of hostile elements that the average Balkan State is in comparison with them murmurous as any dove-cote. Mr. Zangwill's misconception did not prevent him from producing one of the most interesting plays of our generation and in no way invalidates the philosophical basis of its successor, which may well prove to be the second contribution to a Zangwillian trilogy of modern *welt-politik*.

As 'The Melting Pot' demonstrated the assumed fusion of races in America, so 'The Cockpit' analyses their conflict and disintegration in the Balkan State of Valania, which may be taken to represent the typical European State shorn of the more laborious subterfuges and more palpable in the processes of its self-deception. Somewhat rhetorically the first act is conducted in America, with the intention that "Peggy," whom we speedily discover to be the abducted queen of Valania, may have a standard of reference for the criminal futility of Albanian politics. With nothing more than a sentimental necessity which might easily have been circumvented, this same first act introduces a lover for Peggy in the shape of Oliver Randel, a young American architect. But the mistake having been committed, we are glad that Mr. Zangwill does not make it unpardonable by re-introducing him later in the play, when the queen is being compelled to marry the objectionable Prince of Rolmenia so that the alliance might save her army from destruction. It is true that she is actually saved from this fate by a *deus ex machina* almost as lamentable, the belated arrival of a telegram stating that the Valdanian army, so far from being in deadly peril, is actually marching from victory to victory. But by adopting this artifice Mr. Zangwill at least prevents himself from confusing his planes, and we remain in this improbable musical-intellectual-opera atmosphere into which we should have been plunged at the outset by a parade before the curtain of a chorus of Balkan statesmen goosestepping à la Balaieff.

Something of the very incoherence of those Balkan States upon which Mr. Zangwill has based his comedy seems to have passed into his treatment of it, noticeably in the second act, which reads almost as disjointedly as a Balkan conference, and on the stage would be even more confusing. But this is an examination of 'The Cockpit' in dramatic rather than philosophical or political terms, and we consider the Tchehovian indecision of its ending in itself sufficient to render the production of this play improbable. This possibility considered and discarded, it can hardly be doubted that 'The Cockpit' is a more acute diagnosis of the political diseases of Europe than has yet been produced, rendered the more compelling as it is by quick incident and excellent dialogue, and informed from page to page by those qualities of indignation and pity which have always been dominant in the writing of Mr. Israel Zangwill.

REINCARNATION

Reincarnation. The True Chronicles of Rebirth of Two Affinities. Recorded by One of Them. Palmer. 10s. 6d. net.

BESIDES unfolding his theory of Reincarnation the author of this astonishing book gives the history of his own reappearances on earth and those of his "affinity" or soul-mate. Affinities represent the Male and Female, or Isis and Osiris, of the spirit world who, according to the author (we are quite uninitiated) remain united by a celestial bond throughout eternity, being reincarnated from time to time either contemporaneously or otherwise. Only those incarnations in which he and his soul-mate lived together on earth are here related, but there are no less than eleven of these, and there were besides, we are informed, quite a number of others in which they reappeared alone.

The author explains that his information was obtained mainly through the good services of "Cedric," a perfected spirit who was a high-priest at the Egyptian temple of Isis at the same time as he (the author) and his soul-mate were serving there. Beyond that time neither his own memory nor that of his spirit-guide can go; but forwards we are taken through his several reincarnations with a wealth of unimportant detail. "Cedric" could only talk Egyptian and French, which made matters rather difficult. The author and his soul-mate are constantly meeting and mutually recognising their affinity. In most of his previous existences the author was a considerable personage, being on one occasion an adviser to one of the Pharaohs of the twenty-seventh Dynasty, and on others to King Alexis II. of Greece, Julius Caesar, and Louis XVI.; he was guillotined in the Terror. He also tells us of a lady now alive who in her last life on earth was Robespierre. As a rule, however, he says, the sexes are not interchanged, and this is a comfort. His theory of reincarnation differs from that of theosophists in that the progress of the spirit, according to him, tends ever upwards and that a soul cannot at any time be incarnate as an animal or a bird. This is less reassuring.

Where the theory seems more than usual to break down is in accounting for the creation of new souls necessitated by the increase in the birth-rate. On this vital point the explanation is extremely weak. "Reincarnation," says Cedric, "is neither a belief nor a doctrine, but a truth." That seems a little rapid. But Cedric fills the rôle of a prophet, and it is a prophet's business to be ahead of his time.

PHYSIC AND FICTION

Physic and Fiction. By S. Squire Sprigge. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net.

IN this book the well-known editor of the *Lancet* has made it his business, with a very delicate and candid pen, to explore—even to explode, if that were not too violent a word—much of the fiction with which to the lay mind medicine and its disciples go garmented. That such a task, at the present moment, was well worth undertaking needs no argument. As Sir Squire Sprigge points out, there never was a time when medicine, especially in its sociological and preventive aspects, loomed more largely and increasingly in the everyday life of the community.

By many persons, indeed, it is being looked upon rather askance for this very reason. Sprung, as it may be said to have done, not too incorrectly, from the loins of mediæval priestcraft, modern medicine is supposed by not a few to be dangerously near assuming a similar and much more tyrannous ascendancy. Even in the ethical sphere, they say, the doctor is usurping a power never wielded by his ecclesiastical predecessor, and is trying to establish himself, on psychological grounds, both upon the bench and in the confessional. It is in this instructed appreciation of the medical man's task that Sir Squire Sprigge rightly discerns the answer to those who go in fear of a medical priestcraft.

The more generally diffused even a rudimentary knowledge of the aims and limitations of an art may be, the less likely will be its genuine practitioners to establish anything in the shape of a tyranny. For this reason alone such a book as the present would have been well worth writing, and on such themes as the medical aspect of marriage, the attitude of medicine towards psychical research, and the difficult issues raised by the adjustment of public and private medical practice, Sir Squire Sprigge writes with an equipment such as few other medical men could possess.

But it is to his two essays on 'Medicine in Fiction,' and 'The Medicine of Dickens' that lovers of literature, and it is to be hoped the producers of it, will most eagerly turn; and he approaches these topics with a full appreciation of the arrogance that the artist must sometimes adopt in his approach to the technical details necessary for the development of his drama. "The author may be true," he says, "to the scheme of his story even while he is untrue to the teaching of the medical text-books," and, "Imagine calling Balzac to order because the murder of Maulinour by the terrible Ferragos is not to be explained by text-books on toxicology." These are comforting words—perhaps a little too comforting—but they should at least gain Sir Squire Sprigge a sympathetic audience, even though we venture to hold that, with a little care, medical accuracy need seldom be incompatible either with drama or development. The "novelitis," for example, that carried off the heroine of Meredith's 'Richard Feverel,' and the incident of the doctor who breaks up his impossible photographs of a dead man's retina in Kipling's 'At the end of the Passage' to quote a couple of instances not included in this volume—might surely have been artistically avoidable with no sacrifice of power or pathos.

"GRANDPAPA" METTERNICH

The Days that are No More. Some Reminiscences. By Princess Pauline Metternich. Nash and Grayson. 10s. 6d. net.

A VISIT to a certain public school renowned for its almost horsey virility presented us with an interesting fact. The sixth form prefects had recently discovered a novel entitled 'Little Women and Good Wives,' and those exalted bosoms were so taken by storm that a syndicate was formed to serve as a break-water against the floods of their enthusiasm. Whence we deduce now where such novels as 'The Girls of St. Gilpin's' and 'Angelina's Heroism' find their spiritual homes. We have often wondered who used to read those trivial chronicles of the lesser German courts which were so frequently published here before the war. The experience just narrated suggests that they must have formed the staple reading of miners' clubs in Durham and Wesleyan conventicles in Aberystwyth. Here, at all events, in 'The Days that are No More,' some random memories of Princess Pauline Metternich, (at once the granddaughter and the daughter-in-law of the great Austrian statesman), is a more successful bid to catch their interest. There is still much ado about the sort of German princelings and forgotten unimportant court ladies, who before the war reduced us merely to placid slumber but who now incite us to more violent reactions. Yet for Princess Pauline Metternich we confess nothing but the most obeisant regard. It was she, we learn from the preface of Mr. Edward Legge—who must be better acquainted with all the punctilio of royalty than any mortal since James the First—it was she who was one of the first to discard the crinoline in 1868. In fact "all the 'cream of cream' followed her example." Perhaps it is her more peculiar glory to have anticipated and transcended one of the more sensational episodes in Mrs. Asquith's recent records. "I am gay. Hop!" she said. And with that she put her hands on the floor—the Foreign Office floor; only fancy it!—and turned head over heels

in the presence of the lackeys who were helping her on with her pelisse."

In the last chapter of this book we enter a wider sphere of interest with the Princess's reminiscences of Liszt, Gounod and Wagner, whose 'Tannhauser' was for the first time performed in Paris at the specific request of Princess Pauline herself. It is this last chapter which makes us look forward with more excitement to the promised continuation of these memoirs.

A PANEGRIC OF CUBA

San Cristóbal de la Habana. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

WHEN addressing an audience of educated Americans, it would appear to be still prudent, or at least interesting, to remind them that a work of art is not necessarily concerned with morality, utility or education; for Mr. Hergesheimer is far too intelligent a writer to be suspected of unintentional platitudes. But this point has been so often made in modern European literature that English readers will be likely to yawn over the pages of 'San Cristóbal de la Habana,' in which the author is either repudiating non-aesthetic obligations or unconsciously assuming them. Moreover he is at his worst at such times; turgid, deliberately (one imagines) obscure, touched with that childish self-complacency which seems inseparable from the subject, whether it is treated by Gautier or Whistler, Wilde or Mr. George Moore. Fortunately these passages take up only a portion of the book, for the remainder of which it is impossible to feel anything but a very high admiration. Although many of his sentences are cumbersome, his punctuation frequently distracting and his grammar not always above criticism (he is almost as fond of "and which" as Sir Walter Scott) Mr. Hergesheimer has a wonderful style. Its gorgeousness of colour, its florid ornament, and its contrasting patches of naked realism make it particularly suitable to this panegyric of Havana, a northern pleasure town set down in a tropical island, where a representation of Paris and New York is attempted daily, or rather nightly, before incongruously lovely scenery, by a mixed company drawn from all the four continents of the world. He who can read these pages and not feel his blood stir with the desire to book an immediate passage to Cuba is dead indeed. The attraction may not be entirely wholesome, but it is undeniable. Entrancing natural beauty, the blend of widely different races and epochs, the frank, unrebuked pursuit of pleasure, make Havana a veritable Land of Cockayne; or so at least it appears, as described in Mr. Hergesheimer's delightful book. Perhaps it is as well that most of us are limited to seeing its glories through his eyes.

Fiction

Humbug. By E. M. Delafield. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.

THE calamitous results of inducing the young to accept all their opinions ready-made from their elders have often, before now, supplied the theme for a novel or a play; but all themes are more or less familiar, and this one provides the author of 'Humbug' with a good enough foundation on which to erect her superstructure of ironic observation. For this task she is exceptionally qualified by the slyness of her humour and subtle restraint of manner. In all this gallery of satirical portraits, there is only one that verges on caricature. We felt that Aunt Clotilde was perhaps a trifle overdrawn; verbally only, for in essence she is undeniable; and most of us have met her. The temptation to broaden some of the effects, in her case, seems to have been too strong, at times, for her creator; and indeed she is such excellent company, even at her most fantastic, that one would hardly have her otherwise. But the other characters, if scarcely so entertaining, owe none of their interest to

exaggeration. Lily Stellanorpe, the heroine, herself; her ostentatiously affectionate and unselfish father; her schoolmistress, passionately seeking Truth and Beauty, and erroneously convinced of her power to understand and help all her pupils; Nicholas Aubray, Lily's husband, genuinely a good fellow, and at the same time something of a sham good fellow—too hearty, too boyish, weak under a display of unusual strength of character; the dreadful young hospital nurse, with her infuriating tricks of speech, her vulgar coarseness of fibre, and the strong sexual appeal that lies beneath her mediocre prettiness; the pleasantly Philistine family of Hardinges—all these are creations of which any writer might justly be proud. Their idiosyncrasies, especially their absurdities, are noted and recorded with a dispassionate accuracy that makes them perfectly human and credible. As for Lily, she is a pathetic and lovable little figure, unable, through inherited character and early training, to take any step in life or form any opinion unaided, yet sufficiently intelligent to recognise and resent her own helplessness. Her marriage is, of course, like everything else in her career, the work of well-intentioned friends and relations; and not until too late does she realise that she has thrown away all her chances of experiencing the one great adventure. We expected the usual solution of her difficulties, but fortunately we were spared it. Lily resigns herself to her destiny, contenting herself with the resolution to give her child the opportunities for happiness which she herself has been denied. 'Humbly' is a very clever and attractive story; one of the best that we have read lately.

Hosts of Darkness. By Ariadna and Harold Williams
Constable. 6s. net.

WHATEVER the shades of our attitude towards Bolshevism—and perhaps the multitudinous seas incarnadine have flushed them into one uniform red—the earlier section of this book will awaken a regretful hostility. The authenticity of this picture of Russia in revolution, the sombre dignity of its style, will at once be apparent. But it will be difficult at first to repress a desire for more of the equity and impartiality of art. The political bias of these authors is so clamantly evident that surely, we feel, the things that belong to Beauty are to be smitten and sacrificed on the altars of Propaganda. All this for a time only. Then the realization is forced upon us that any attempt of the authors to compromise with their bitter passion would have disintegrated the merits of this book. As well expect from John Knox a balanced oration of pro's and con's in a polite repudiation of the Devil. 'Hosts of Darkness' narrates the adventures of Ellis, a British secret agent, and the Princess Katia, at the centre of the Bolshevik maelstrom in Moscow, and later in the wastes beyond; and their betrothal at the end of the book is an episode only in their own war, and the war of the dispossessed, against the dark omnipotent enemy. We cannot help feeling that the hero, although he provides a starting-point for English readers, is superfluous to the scheme of the book; for whilst Mr. Walpole, in 'The Secret City,' dealt primarily with the reactions of the revolution upon a group of Englishmen, 'Hosts of Darkness' gains its considerable importance from its study of the reactions of Russians upon themselves. The presentments of the Bolshevik leaders, Petrovitch and Bagrovsky, for whom many readers will supply more familiar names, are acid with a cold unscrupulous ferocity which are terrifying to read and to reflect upon. They are among the most memorable passages in recent fiction.

The Romantic Lady. By Michael Arlen. Collins.
7s. 6d. net.

THE publisher's preliminary announcement to this volume of short stories assures us that 'Mr. Arlen has a personal knowledge of those phases of London society with which he deals.' If this be so, we tender our sincere pity alike to Mr. Arlen and to London

society in those phases with which he is familiar. It is a depressing world to which he introduces us, a world where nobody ever says a witty thing, or does a wise one; where gambling and bogus-company-promoting are recognised means of subsistence, and the line between *cocotte* and *femme du monde* is so finely drawn as to be, for all practical purposes, indistinguishable. Where marriage is only the prelude to the Divorce Court, and the Divorce Court once visited is generally visited again. Where children, apparently, are neither born nor desired, and family ties are a source rather of hatred than love. It is undoubtedly for Mr. Arlen to decide whether writing about these people is a worthy occupation for his time. But we may suggest that phrases such as "for the likes of you and I" do not harmonise well with a style founded on Conrad and Henry James.

Shorter Notices

Pillars of the State, by Herbert Sidebotham (Nisbet, 12s. 6d. net). Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, whose writings are familiar under his pseudonym as "A Student of Politics" in the *Times* and more recently in the *Daily Chronicle*, has republished under this title a series of studies of statesmen, most of which appeared in the columns of the *Times*. Mr. Sidebotham's book is one which is very suitable for advanced students of politics like himself, and the people who have mastered the works of Mr. E. T. Raymond, 'One Who Knows Them,' 'The Gentleman with a Duster,' and so on, will find his book useful as a kind of finishing course. It is full of wisdom, lit up with flashes of wit, and, from time to time, pleases you with a certain light malice, especially in the choice of photographs. Lord Curzon in his coronet side by side with his page is a masterpiece.

Some Political Ideas and Persons, by John Bailey (Murray, 6s. net). Mr. John Bailey has produced this volume by reprinting articles which he had already written in the *Times Literary Supplement*, and adding to them a new study of Queen Victoria, which he publishes for the first time. The modesty of the size, the price, and the paper (especially the paper) of the book disarm the reviewer who might otherwise be tempted to enquire why the collection had really been made. Seriously, apart from exceptional cases like Carlyle or Macaulay, the better a review is as a review, the less easily does it make itself the basis of a book, and when one is dealing with an acute and sensible person like Mr. John Bailey, it is probably correct to assume that these essays are collected rather for the purpose of keeping them in a handy form for reference on the part of the author, than in order to catch a wide-reading public.

My Balkan Log (by J. Johnston Abraham (Chapman & Hall, 15s. net). Soon after the outbreak of the Great War Dr. Johnston Abraham went to Serbia with a surgical unit, and in this book he recounts the remarkable experiences that fell to his lot in that country, from which he returned, much broken down in health from the strain of his work, to England in the spring of 1915. It is a fine book, and abounds in vivid descriptions of the places in which he was stationed and of the people of various nationalities with whom he came in contact. From start to finish it is full of human interest, though it has, as might be expected, its technical side. Most moving is its story of the part the doctor and his colleagues with other medical men took in the conquest of the frightful epidemic of typhus that devastated heroic Serbia in the winter of 1915. The illustrations from photographs are numerous and excellent.

Who's Who, 1922 (Black, 42s. net.) The direct successor of 'Men and Women of the Time,' 'Who's Who,' which took its present form during the South African war, has long arrived in the position of being an institution. The two publications between them number 74 years of life, so that whole generations have passed through these pages, being first heard of in their promising youth, and passed out of them at the end of life. It is probably one of the most valuable works of reference published, but we would suggest that 3,000 pages is too many for any octavo volume to possess, and that the time has arrived for this excellent work to go into quarto, or at any rate a much larger size of octavo, so that the area of the pages might be doubled and the thickness of the book halved. Admirable as is the printing and wonderfully thin as is the paper, it would seem impossible to make anything like a real book out of a small volume of 3,000 pages. We hope that Messrs. Black will see their way to adopt our suggestion before next year.

The Daily Mail Year Book for 1922 (Associated Newspapers, 1s. 6d. net) is as up-to-date and compressed as usual. The whole doings of the year are "potted" in a surprising manner. We should not describe the information as strictly impartial in its presentment, but it is fairly accurate, and the few pages by H. W. Wilson on the world's navies are worth nearly all the ponderous annuals on the subject put together. We are sorry to see that the portion of the book dealing with biographies has been

curtailed. It is one of the best, rapid guides to personalities that existed; but it seems to have been edited rather severely, and its usefulness in this respect impaired.

The Quick-step of an Emperor, by G. P. Messervy (Richards, 12s. 6d. net). This book gives an interesting and animated account, written more in the form of an historical novel than of a history, of the unfortunate Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, whose dark fate ranks second only to that of President Lincoln among the great political tragedies of the Americas. The writer's aim is to correct the misrepresentations that have hitherto been current regarding Maximilian, and to show that instead of being an adventurer and a weakling he was a man of more than average ability, with high ideals political, religious and humanitarian. But he was neither a constructive statesman nor a great military leader, and the task of governing a people without cohesion was too much for him, mainly owing to the opposition of the United States. With respect to this Mr. Messervy thinks it probable that if "Maximilian had been allowed by the United States to reign, and had succeeded in carrying out his intentions, there would have been a stable Government and a prosperous people in Mexico to-day."

FICTION

Elinor Colhouse, by Stephen Hudson (Secker, 5s. net). A poor American girl, with an appetite for luxury, has the good luck to meet a rich travelling Englishman, young, feeble and temperamental. She marks him down immediately for her husband, and he proves himself to be only too easy a victim. It can hardly be said that Elinor entraps Richard in the toils of marriage, which he suggests of his own accord after grossly misbehaving himself when partially drunk. True the girl made no objection to his improprieties, being perfectly shameless and sordid; devoid indeed of all merits other than her beauty. One believes, more or less, in her existence, as in that of her weak-minded lover, her bullied mother, and her coarse friends; but the desirability of engendering such a brood, only to throw them aside again before they have done anything of the least interest, is to be doubted. Slight and short as is this study of manners, it contrives to be unpleasant throughout, and on one or two occasions decidedly dirty. The book appears to be an import from America.

The Fruit of the Tree, by Hamilton Fyfe (Parsons, 7s. 6d. net). Married to a woman who suits him well enough socially and intellectually, but declines to bear children, and has no appetite for house-work, Edward Tanstead sets up a second home with a deep-bosomed typist, with sensible stockings, who fills in all the gaps left by his wife in his scheme of contentment. When his secret is discovered, the three of them agree, despite the horrified protests of Tanstead's godfather, a comic bishop, that the triangular arrangement had better continue, as the best one that can be devised in the circumstances. The bishop, on hearing this decision, leaves for Patagonia, where such scandalous doings are unknown. The story is told with a cheerful glibness, but is not very provocative either of thought or emotion.

The Fruitless Orchard, by Peggy Webling (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), is the life-story of a young woman who becomes a successful novelist, of the men who influenced her, and of the more important of the people with whom she came in contact, music-hall performers, arts and crafts workers, artists and enthusiasts. The mental development of the heroine is the best part of the book, which is mildly interesting and sometimes true to life in the other parts.

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

AD QUADRATUM. A Study of the Geometrical Bases of Classic and Mediaeval Religious Architecture. By Frederick Macody Lund. 2 vols. Bashford: £5 net.

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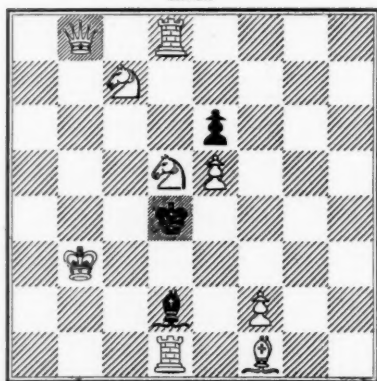
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Chess

PROBLEM No. 6.
 By W. R. BLAND.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the
 SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him before Dec. 24.

PROBLEM No. 5.

Solution.

WHITE.

(1) Q-Bsq.

(2) Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 4.—Correct from Major D. R. Coode, A. S.
 Brown, A. S. Mitchell, A. Lewis, Rev. W. Mason (and No. 3),
 and Rev. D. Dunbar.

SOLUTION OF ENDGAME (published November 26).—(1) R-Kt
 ch, K-Bsq: (2) R-Kt5, P=Q: (3) R-B5 ch, Q x R, stale mate.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

F. R. (Brampton).—Much obliged by your list. In No. 4, Kt-
 Q6 is met by Kt-Qsq.

A. Guest.—Best thanks for kind letter.

On his eightieth birthday, December 10, Mr. J. H. Blackburne
 received a cheque for £250, being the first result of the subscrip-
 tion raised for him by the City of London Chess Club. The sub-
 scription list is to remain open, it being hoped so to increase the
 gift to Mr. Blackburne that some permanent addition to his
 income may ensue.

Yorkshire by beating Warwickshire last Saturday (10½-8½)
 have won the English Counties' Championship for the year.

Leading scores of the City of London championship tourney
 as we write are:—Section A: Michell, 4½ out of 5; Scott,
 4½-6; P. W. Sergeant, 3-4; Middleton, 3½-6; Saunders, 3-6.
 Section B: Sir G. Thomas, 7 out of 8; Barlow, 4-6, and
 Jacobs, Blake and E. G. Sergeant each 3½ out of 6

Obiter dicta Caissa.

I.—The finest chess player is he who can exact the heaviest
 penalty from the least obvious inferiority in his opponent's play.

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